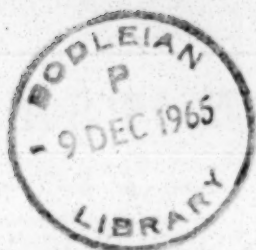


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A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS, PSALMS,
&c.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What grace and glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind:
Here thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United, rend the heart,
Here the poor sinner meets relief,
And cools the raging smart.

5 Here the *Redeemer's* gracious voice
 Glad tidings spreads around;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

6 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
 My study, day and night!
 And still new beauties may I see,
 With still-increasing light!

HYMN II.

1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord—
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise—
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise—
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy

- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

H Y M N I I I .

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine—
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound or language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run,
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God!
All nature joins to shew thy praise:
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines—
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

HYMN IV.

- 1 **G**REAT *God*, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected pow'rs;
 May we all worldly thoughts resign,
 Allotting thee these solemn hours!
 Oh may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
 Where *God* resides appear no more:
 Omniscient *God*, thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore:
 Oh may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our minds on things divine!
- 3 The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey!
 Be ev'ry heart an humble guest!
 Oh, let the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed!
- 4 Thy *Spirit's* pow'rful aid impart,
 And to thy word our souls incline;
 Soften, melt, break each harden'd heart!
 Then shall the day, indeed, be thine—
 Then shall we all, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN V.

- 1 **A** GAIN, the *Lord of life* and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

2 Oh

- 2 Oh what a *night* was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a *Sun*, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannahs sung !
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings numberless
To nations yet unborn.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **W**HO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light—
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross—
Nobly for their Master stood—
Suff'ers in his righteous cause—
Patient followers of *God*.
- 2 Out of great distress they came—
Wash'd their robes by faith below ;
In the blood of yonder *Lamb*,
They were wash'd as white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne—
Serve their *Saviour* day and night—
He resides among his own—
In his faints he takes delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er—

Thirst

Thirst and hunger now are past—
 Death and sorrow are no more :
 Now with *Jesus* glorify'd,
 He doth all their troubles chase—
 All their wants are now supply'd,
 And the tears wip'd off each face.

- 4 Hark ! all heav'n resounds with songs !
 " Glory to the great *I AM* !
 " Glory to our *God* belongs !
 " Glory to the bleeding *Lamb* !
 " Render we our *God* his right—
 " Blessing, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r,
 " Honour, majesty, and might !
 " Praise him—praise him evermore ! "

H Y M N V I L.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the Sons of *God* !
 They are bought with *Christ*'s own blood—
 They are ransom'd from the grave—
 Life eternal they shall have :
 They are all redeem'd from hell—
 And with *God* shall ever dwell :
 Number'd with them may we be,
 Here, and in eternity !

- 2 They the seal of this receive,
 When on *Jesus* they believe :
 They are justify'd by grace—
 They enjoy a solid peace :
 All their sins are wash'd away—
 They shall stand in *God*'s great day :
 Number'd with them may we be,
 Here, and in eternity !

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd;
They are lights upon the earth—
Children of an heav'nly birth:
Number'd with them may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

4 Born of *God*, they do not sin—
God's pure seed remains within:
They have fellowship with *God*,
Thro' the *Mediator's* blood.
One with *God*, with *Jesus* one,
Glory is in them begun:
Number'd with them may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

H Y M N VIII.

1 **B**LESS'D are the saints that dwell above,
In the pure element of love!
They know no rage, nor cruel spleen,
But all is peaceful, and serene.

2 Celestial love each breast inspires,
Kindling within her purest fires:
To harps of gold they sweetly sing,
Nor is there found one jarring string.

3 How blest'd on earth would mortals be,
Did love constrain them to agree!
Drawn by her soft and pow'rful cords
Of gen'rous deeds, and gentle words.

- 4 Did love unfeign'd each heart engage,
 'Twould be a truly golden age :
 Then should we shew our heav'nly birth,
 And heav'n itself descend to earth.

HYMN IX.

- 1 **A**LAS! by nature how deprav'd!
 How prone to ev'ry ill!
 Our lives to *Satan* how enslav'd!
 How obstinate our will!
- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd?
 Such rebels reconcil'd?
 Can *grace* itself the means afford
 To make a *foe* a *child*?
- 3 Yes—*grace* has found the wond'rous means
 Which shall effectual prove
 To cleanse our souls—to break our chains,
 And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 On *Jesus* all our sins were laid—
 He dy'd, that we might *live*;
 His blood a full atonement made,
 And cry'd aloud, "Forgive."
- 5 Then, sinners, come—no more pursue
 The paths that lead to death;
 Look up—a bleeding *Saviour* view!
 Look, and be sav'd by faith!
- 6 Thus faith the *Lord*,—"Come, find in me
 "A *Father* and a *God*;
 "My Sons and Daughters ye shall be
 "Thro' the atoning blood."

HYMN X.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me,
 The *Saviour* of mankind—
T' adore the all-atoning *Lamb*,
And bless the found of *Jesu's* name.
- 2 *Jesus*—transporting found !
 The joy of earth and heav'n !
 No other name is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have,
But *Jesus* came the world to save.
- 3 His name the Sinner hears,
 And is from sin fet free ;
 'Tis music in his ears—
 'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 4 Stung by the scorpion Sin,
 His poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole :
He sees his *Lord* upon the tree,
And then cries out, “ He dy'd for *me*.”
- 5 Oh for a trumpet's voice,
 On all the world to call !
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who dy'd for all :
Come, Sinners, to *Christ* crucify'd—
For all, for all my *Jesus* dy'd.

HYMN XI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name to sinners dear!
It tells their sins forgiv'n—
It scatters ev'ry guilty fear—
It turns their hell to heav'n.
- 2 Pow'r into feeble souls it speaks,
And life into the dead:
Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises *Satan's* head.
- 3 Oh that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love which compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 Oh that my *Jesus's* heav'nly charms
Might ev'ry bosom move!
Fly, Sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.
- 5 His blood and righteousness I shew—
His saving grace proclaim:
'Tis all my bus'ness here below,
To cry, "Behold the *Lamb*."
- 6 Happy, if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the *Lamb*!"

HYMN XII.

- 1 **O**H for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!

The

The glories of my *God* and *King*—
The triumphs of his grace!

- 2 My gracious *Master*, and my *God*,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.
- 3 *Jesus*, the name that charms our fears—
That bids our sorrows cease—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears—
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin—
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf—his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'n'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your *Saviour* come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 Look unto him, and, blushing, own
Your sins, ye fallen race—
Look and be sav'd thro' faith alone—
Be justify'd by grace.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The welcome, solemn sound—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

B

2 *Jesus*

141 *Exhibiting the Power of Jesus to save.*

- 2 *Jesus*, our great *High-priest*,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest—
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3 Extol the *Lamb* of *God*—
The all-atoning *Lamb* !
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in *Jesus* dwell,
And blest in *Jesus* live :
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought—
The gift of *Jesu's* love :
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear—
The news of heav'nly grace :
With the revolving year,
Run on your heavenly race :
The year of Jubilee is come—
Return to your eternal home !

H Y M N X I V .

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:

*Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.

Who is, &c.

- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name,
With an incomparable blaze.

Who is, &c.

- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God—
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye—
A pardon, bought with Jesus' blood.

Who is, &c.

- 5 Oh may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic hosts above!

Who is, &c.

H Y M N X V .

- 1 WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd,
And

And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
A serpent straight the Prophet made,
Of molten brats, to view display'd—
The patients look'd, and liv'd.

2 But oh, what healing to the heart
Doth Jesu's greater cros impart,
To those that seek a cure!
Israel of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent grace confess,
While life and breath endure.

3 To reason's view, so great effect
Self-righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride:
Not so those stung with sin and law—
They all their rich salvation draw
From Jesu's bleeding side.

4 May we then view the matchless cros!
All other objects count but loss—
No other gain explore!
Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,
Teeming with tears of glad surprise,
And thankfully adore!

5 Hail, great Immanuel, balmy name!
Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim—
Thee we Physician call:
We own no other pow'r but thine—
Thou the Deliverer divine,
Our God, our Heav'n, our All.

HYMN XVI.

1 **S**INNERS, turn—why will ye die?
God, your *Maker*, asks you why?

God,

God, who did your being give—
Made you with himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your *Saviour*, asks you why?
Jesus who his life did give,
That ye might for ever live:
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your *Lord* again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God the *Spirit* asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove—
Woo'd you to embrace his love—
Will ye not his love receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your *God*, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within—
Dead in trespasses and sin—
Strangers to the *Spirit's* breath,
Pant ye for the second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying Sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN XVII.

- 1 **W**HAT could your *Redeemer* do
 More than he hath done for you?
 To procure your peace with *God*,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all his waste of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will ye your *Lord* deny?
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 2 Turn, he cries—ye Sinners, turn—
 By his life your *God* hath sworn,
 He would have you turn, and live—
 He would all the world receive:
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, while *God* is near—
 Dare not think him insincere:
 Now, ev'n now, your *Saviour* stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands—
 Cries, ye will not happy be;
 No—ye will not come to me—
 Me, who life to none deny—
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 4 Can ye doubt if *God* is love?
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will ye not his word receive?
 Will ye not his oath believe?
 See! the suff'ring *God* appears!
Jesus weeps! Believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die?

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **W**HY, finners, will ye spend your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought,
The *One thing needful* is forgot.
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind?
While angels, with regret, look down,
To see you spurn an heav'nly crown.
- 3 The *Spirit* calls you from above,
And *Jesus* pleads his dying love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain—
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Far diff'rent to your dying view
Shall seem those things ye now pursue:
In their true colours shall appear
Both heav'n and hell, when death is near.
- 5 Almighty *God*, thy pow'r impart,
To fix conviction on the heart:
To hear and see, give ears and eyes,
And make the simple truly wise.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **C**OME, Sinners, to the gospel-feast—
Let ev'ry soul be *Jesus's* guest:
Oh! stay not one of you behind,
For, *God* hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my *Lord*, on you I call—
The invitation is to all;

Come

Come all the world—come, sinner, thou—
All things in *Christ* are ready now.

- 3 Then come, ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest—
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
From *Christ* a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from *God* receive,
Who would not have you die, but live:
Ye all may live, for he hath dy'd—
All may be freely justify'd.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
For sin a bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And now be sav'd by faith, thro' grace.
- 6 This is the time—no more delay—
This is the acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word—
Haste to the Supper of my *Lord*—
Be wise to know your gracious day—
All things are ready—come away.
- 2 Ready the *Father* is to own,
And kifs his late returning Son:
Ready your loving *Saviour* stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the *Spirit* to impart
A heart of flesh—a broken heart—

T' apply

T' apply the all-atoning-blood,
And make you sons and heirs of *God*.

- 4 Ready for you the *Angels* wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,
In concert with their shining host,
Thro' heav'n are ready to resound,
" The dead's alive ! The lost is found."
- 6 Come, then, ye sinners—now embrace
The plentitude of gospel-grace—
The seeing eye, the feeling sense—
The mystic joys of penitence—
- 7 The godly grief, the pleasing smart—
The meltings of a broken heart—
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n—
The peace of *God*, thro' sins forgiv'n.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 COME, ye Sinners, come to *Jesus*—
Come to your redeeming *Lord*;
Who intreats you by his servant,
To receive his gospel-word :
Mercy calls you—
Mercy now he will afford.

- 2 Dearest *Saviour*, help thine herald
To proclaim thy wond'rous love :
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That they may thy truth approve :

Bless,

Bless, oh bless them,
And their sins far off remove !

- 3 While thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast,
Let thy *Spirit* sweetly draw them—
Let each soul be *Jesu's* guest :
Oh receive us !
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

HYMN XXII.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come—
Flee from *God's* avenging rod ;
Jesus calls his wand'ers home—
Hasten to your pard'ning *God* :
Come, ye guilty souls oppress'd,
Answer to the *Saviour's* call,
“ Come, and I will give you rest—
“ Come, and I will save you all.”
- 2 *Jesus*, full of truth and love,
We thy word would fain obey ;
Let us now thy promise prove—
Take our load of guilt away :
Fain we would on thee rely—
Cast on thee our sin and care—
To thy arms of mercy fly—
Find our lasting quiet there.
- 3 Burden'd with a weight of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of *God*,
Lo ! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art :
Now each groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on each heart.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **S**EE, sinners, in the gospel-glass,
The *Friend* and *Saviour* of mankind!
Not one of all the apostate race
But may in him salvation find:
His words, his deeds, his suff'rings prove
His nature and his name is love.
- 2 Behold *the Lamb of God*, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he humbly wears—
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But *God with God*, is man with men.
- 3 See where the *God* incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home!
He all day long spreads out his hands,
"To me, ye weary spirits, come;
"I will relieve each throbbing breast—
"Believe, and I will give you rest.
- 4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt—
"My saving grace for all is free;
"I will in no wise cast him out
"That comes a penitent to me:
"I, who am full of truth and grace,
"Will give you pardon, joy, and peace."

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **Y**E hungry, thirsty, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest!

See!

- 2 See! *Jesus* stands with open arms!
He calls—he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms—
But see! there yet is room.
- 3 There's room in his dear bleeding heart
Where love and pity meet:
He will not bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the *Father* reconcil'd,
Invites you now to come:
The *Rebel* shall be call'd a *Child*,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 Come, then, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the rich repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore—
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN XXV.

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
To *Jesus* draw nigh—
To you is it nothing that *Jesus* should die?

2 Our *Ransom* and *Peace*,
Our *Surety* he is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his!

3 For what you have done,
His blood did atone—
The *Father* hath punish'd for you his dear *Son*.

4 The *Lord*, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the *Lamb*, and he bore them away.

5 For you, and for me,
Christ pray'd on the tree—
The pray'r is accepted—the sinner is free.

6 He suffer'd for all—
Then, come, at his call,
And now, at his cross, as poor penitents, fall.

H Y M N XXVI.

1 **T**HE *Saviour* calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the joyful sound:
Ye fearful hearts, dismiss your fear—
For, mercy may be found.

2 For ev'ry longing, thirsty heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And health, and life, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain:
For all your wants here seek supplies,
Nor shall you seek in vain.

C

4 O sinner

- 4 O sinner, come—'tis mercy's voice—
 The gracious call obey:
Jesus invites to heav'nly joys,
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Draw, *Saviour*, their reluctant hearts—
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

HYMN XXVII.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 At his call, the dead awaken—
 Rise to life from earth and sea—
 All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,
 Now prepare to flee away:
 Careless sinner,
 What wilt *thou* do in that day?
- 3 Satan who now tries to please thee,
 Lest thou timely warning take,
 When that word is past, will seize thee—
 Plunge thee in the burning lake:
 Think, poor sinner,
 Thy immortal soul's at stake!
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,

He

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
Take the kingdom I bestow—
Ye for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your spirits raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches—
Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise:
We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **H**E comes! Behold the Judge appear!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
Tho' lightning's flash, and thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

- 2 Hark! hark! angelic voices sound!
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
Lo! glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Fill, fill, ye faints, with shouts the sky,
And ye cherubic hosts on high:
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise! the Son adore!
The Spirit blest for evermore!

Salvation's glorious work is done—
We worship thee, great Three in One!

HYMN XXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For ev'ry vain, or idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?
- 2 Yes—ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known;
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
Of my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed—
To all I speak and do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
Oh let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with thee, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN XXX.

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand,

Thoufand, thoufand faints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign?

2 Ev'ry eye fhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majefly!
They who fet at nought, and fold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meffiah fee.

3 Now each ifland, fea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, difsolve away!
All the wicked muft, confounded,
Hear the great Archangel fay,
"Come to Judgment!"
"This is Chrift's tremendous day!"

4 But his faints, by man rejected,
Joyful, meet him in the air!
Now the joys they long expected
They with Chrift are call'd to fhare:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Mighty Lord, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
King of kings, and Lord of glory,
In thy majefly come down!
Jah, Jehovah,
Wear the everlafting crown!

H Y M N XXXI.

1 **H**ARK! ye mortals, hear the trumpet,
Sounding loud from fhore to fhore!

Hark! the voice of an Archangel
 Swearing, "Time shall be no more!"
 Rolling ages,
 Now your solemn close appears!

2 This great moving frame of nature—
 That huge mass of blazing day—
 Yonder arch'd expanse of heaven—
 Moon, and stars, all melt away!
 Lo! graves op'ning,
 Send the dead in myriads forth!

3 See the gloomy pris'ners rising!
 Hell's dark caverns yawning wide,
 Ready to receive the wicked,
 Who, by sin, their Lord deny'd!
 Wild confusion
 Seizes on each guilty soul.

4 But the just, that lov'd their Saviour,
 Near his throne, with boldness, stand,
 While he graciously anoints them
 Kings and priests, at his right-hand:
 Hallelujahs
 Echo thro' the heav'nly realms!

5 Joys ecstatic—hymns harmonious,
 In soft symphony, resound!
 Saints, and angels, harps, and trumpets,
 Celebrate our Saviour crown'd:
 "Glory, honour,
 "Christ is worthy to receive!"

H Y M N XXXII.

SIN has undone our wretched race—
 But Jesus has restor'd,

And

- And brought the sinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.
- 2 This truth we urge the thoughtless crowd
Attentively to hear;
Lord, speak thou with a voice more loud,
And give the list'ning ear.
- 3 Thy saving goodness let them trace—
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy rich free grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
- 4 Let sinners who perceive it not
See their approaching doom,
And tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come.
- 5 Dear Saviour, in the midst appear—
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry, in every careless ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God."

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore:
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin, and Satan's pow'r:
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
 What thou hast bought so dear:
 Come, then, and, in each sinner's eyes,
 With all thy wounds appear.
- 4 Appear, as when of old confess
 The suffering Son of God;
 And let them see thee in thy vest,
 As newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The heart of stone from all remove,
 Thou who for all hast dy'd;
 Shew them the tokens of thy love—
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Oh let thy wounds to sinners cry,
 "I suffer'd this for you!"
 And may thy Spirit now apply,
 And prove the record true.

HYMN XXXIV.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy pow'r to us make known:
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break each heart of stone.
- 2 Oh that we all might now begin
 Our wickedness to mourn!
 And turn to Christ from ev'ry sin,
 Since he our sins has borne!
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day:
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 A feeling

- 4 A feeling sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load:
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 5 Our desp'rate state thro' sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heav'n.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **C**OME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
Oe'r all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made—
Our souls on thee be stay'd—
Lord, hear our call!
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword—
Our pray'r attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success—
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come,

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour !
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r !

5 To the great One in Three,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore !
 His sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And, to eternity,
 Love and adore !

H Y M N XXXVI.

1 **O** Charity, divinely wise,
 Thou meek-ey'd daughter of the skies !
 From the pure fountain of eternal light,
 Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
 The beatific vision shines,
 And angel with archangel joins
 In choral songs to sing his praise,
 Parent of life, Ancient of days,
 Who was ere time existed, and shall be
 Thro' the wide round of vast eternity—
 Oh come, thy warm benevolence impart,
 Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart.

2 O thou, enthron'd in realms above,
 Bright effluence of that boundless love
 Whence joy and peace in streams unfully'd flow;
 Oh ! send to make thy lov'd abode below :

Tho'

Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue
Than saint conceiv'd, or seraph sung,
And tho' my glowing fancy caught
Whatever art, or nature taught;
Yet if this hard, unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O charity divine,
An empty shadow science would be found,
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a found.

3 Tho' my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid ev'n this wou'd nought avail,
For tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail.
Come, then, thou sweet celestial guest,
Shed thy soft influence oe'r my breast :
Bring with thee faith, divinely bright,
And hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for heav'n, and point the way
Where perfect happiness her sway maintains,
For there the God of peace for ever reigns.

H Y M N XXXVII.

1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love—
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place:

No

No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shades, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

1 **O** Lovely Jesus, Lord of light,
Of pow'r, and everlasting might,
Great Author of redeeming love,
The theme of those in heav'n above,
Let show'rs of grace on us descend,
And with thine arm our souls defend.

2 Be thou alone our only stay,
And lead us in thy peaceful way,
That when on earth we cease to be,
We may for ever reign with thee!
In love's triumphal car arise,
And, mounting, soar above the skies!

H Y M N XXXIX.

DESCEND, sweet patience, with thy sober train,
Of meekness, piety, and holy hope!
Bless'd source of peace, bless'd cure for ev'ry pain,
Without whose aid the proudest spirits droop,
Kindly

Kindly descend on those whose humbled mind
Knows no relief but what from patience springs;
Whose griefs no cure, whose pangs no respite find,
On those descend, with healing in thy wings.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **A**SSIST thy servant, mighty Lord,
With pow'r to speak thy gracious word;
That to thy wounds all here may flee,
And full redemption find in thee.
- 2 Thou God of pow'r, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail—
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 3 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now let each mourning soul rejoice—
Apply thy blood and righteousness,
That all thy saving name may blefs.

H Y M N XLI.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,
And in the midst appear—
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

H Y M N XLII.

THY servant, Lord, in vain must preach,
If thou wilt not vouchsafe to teach:
Instruct, then, ev'ry stupid heart,
And thro' the means thy grace impart.

D

H Y M N

HYMN XLIII.

1 **T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day:
And now we humbly waiting stand,
To hear what thou wilt say.

2 Speak to our hearts in words of peace,
And fill us all with love:
Then give us persevering grace,
That we may faithful prove.

HYMN XLIV.

NOW, Lord, allure our souls to thee—
Oh! kindly bid us come, and see,
And taste how good thou art:
Knock with the hammer of thy word—
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
And open ev'ry heart.

HYMN XLV.

GREAT God, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And all this people bless.

HYMN XLVI.

SOURCE of light, and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine:
Lord, behold, thy servant stands!
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands!
Satisfy his soul's desire!
Touch his lips with holy fire!

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **O** Son of God, shed forth thy love!
Exert thy energetic pow'r!
Thy mercy let this people prove!
Let all thy bleeding love adore!
- 2 The triumphs of thy grace display!
In ev'ry heart reign thou alone!
'Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory end what grace begun!

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **G**REAT Sov'reign of the human heart,
Thy mighty energy impart,
Which penetrates the heart of steel,
And makes the harden'd conscience feel.
- 2 Let sinners tremble at thy word,
Struck by the terror of the Lord;
And, while they tremble, let them flee,
For pardon, life, and peace, to thee.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, help thy servant to proclaim
The benefits of Jesu's name—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
Glad tidings of redeeming blood.
- 2 Oh, may thy glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west!
Successful may thy gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

HYMN L.

ON what has now been sown
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The pow'r is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do thou the fruitful harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

HYMN LI.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 May we close abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN LII.

NOW may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down,
 On ev'ry soul assembled here!
 And may that peace which God imparts
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

HYMN LIII.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
 Help us to feed upon thy word,
 That we from strength to strength may go,
 And in thine image daily grow.

H Y M N L I V .

GRACE, mercy, peace be with us, Lord!
Impress upon our souls thy word—
Our past transgressions now forgive,
And let us to thy glory live.

H Y M N L V .

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us all thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound!
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

H Y M N L V I .

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Bid us all depart in peace!
On our souls thy word impressing,
May we daily grow in grace!
Fill each breast with consolation!
Grateful we'll our voices raise:
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise;
And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever. Amen.

HYMN LVII.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree,
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

HYMN LVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne!
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 “Worthy the Lamb that dy’d (they cry)
 “To be exalted thus”—
 “Worthy the Lamb”—our hearts reply,
 “For, he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow’r divine!
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine!
- 4 Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LIX.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Saviour, praise,
 Who rules enthron’d above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love!

In majesty supreme,
By earth and heav'n confests'd,
I bow, and blest the sacred name,
For ever blest'd!

- 2 Mighty he is to save—
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Who rose victorious o'er the grave—
 The Prince of Peace!
 On Sion's holy height,
 His kingdom he maintains,
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 3 Thro' him to heaven brought,
 They all before him stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath wrought,
 Thro' all their land:
 The listning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing theme—
 Resound in songs which never end,
 His gracious name.
- 4 Of him exalted high,
 The great Archangels sing,
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 "Who wast, and art, the same,
 "And evermore shalt be—
 "Jehovah! Jesus! Great I Am,
 " We worship thee."
- 5 While heav'n's triumphant host
 His name thus glorify,
 Of him shall we not make our boast,
 And with them vie?

Join we the heav'nly lays!
 With Seraphs now combine!
 Hail, Jesus, hail! honour and praise
 Be ever thine!

HYMN LX.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame!
 His praise your songs employ,
 Above the starry frame!
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise!
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day—
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay!
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move,
 In liquid air!
- 3 Let earth her tribute give,
 And magnify his name,
 By whom all creatures live—
 His wond'rous pow'r proclaim!
 In this design,
 Let youths with maids,
 And hoary heads
 With children join.
- 4 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them upon high;

And

And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
Oh, therefore, raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

HYMN LXI.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And saving grace attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound, from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more!

HYMN LXII.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
With pitying eyes, the Lord of life
Beheld our hopeless grief,
He saw—and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief:
Down from the shining courts above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

Angels

Angels assist our mighty joys !
 Strike all your harps of gold !
 But, when ye raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told !

HYMN LXIII.

TO God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour, and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring !
 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin, and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
 He shall present his saints
 Unblemish'd, and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around his throne—
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.
 To our redeeming God
 Wisdom and pow'r belong :
 Eternal as his Majesty,
 Eternal be our song !

HYMN LXIV.

SALVATION ! Oh the joyful sound !
 What music in our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound !
 A cordial for our fears !

*Glory, honour, praise, and power !
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !*

Jesus

*Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord !*

- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues !

HYMN LXV.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him, all creatures here below !
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !*
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts,
Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

OR THUS.

Sing praises ! Hallelujah ! Glad tidings ! Hallelujah !

HYMN LXVI.

- 1 **H**AIL ! hail, reviv'd, reviving Spring,
Fair type of heav'n's eternal year !
While nature's works thy praises sing,
Lo ! gratitude salutes thee here !
Swell, gently swell the solemn song !
Now pour the bounding notes along !
Teach Choirs below to Choirs above,
To echo back the common lay ;

And

And, as they praise unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.

To God, the universal King,
Be sacred ev'ry grateful Choir !
In endless hymns all praises sing
That endless bounty can inspire !

- 2 All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
Creation's genial pow'rs appear'd ;
Spring call'd them into life again—
See ! budding verdure shews they heard !
Bless, bless, O man, the kind design
Whose nobler counterpart is thine !

Thy pow'rs a colder winter froze,
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
Prolific of fair truth, arose,
And shed the blaze of mental day.
To God, &c.

HYMN LXVII.

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb !
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name !

- 2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising pow'r—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues !
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs !

4 Sing

- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way—
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, your gracious King!
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come:"
Angels shall bear you, then, away,
To your eternal home.

H Y M N LXVIII.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create, and he destroy.
His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs—
High as the heav'ns our voices raise!
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Wide as the world is thy command—
Vast, as eternity, thy love!
Firm, as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below!
Praise our gracious God of love,
And all his greatness shew!

E

Praise

Praise him for his noble deeds!
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r!
 Him from whom all good proceeds
 Let earth and heav'n adore!

- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's name!
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 Him Lord of hosts proclaim!
 Praise him, ev'ry tuneful string!
 All the reach of heav'nly art—
 All the pow'r of music bring—
 The music of the heart!
- 3 Him in whom they move, and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing!
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King!
 Hallow'd be his name beneath!
 As in heav'n on earth ador'd!
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath!
 Let all things praise the Lord!

HYMN LXX.

- 1 CLAP your hands, ye people all!
 Praise the God on whom we call!
 Lift your voice, and shout his praise!
 Triumph in his saving grace!
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most High!
 Terrible in majesty!
 He his sov'reign sway maintains—
 King o'er all the earth he reigns!

- 3 Zion, shout aloud! for he,
As thy Saviour, dwells in thee!
Spread abroad the joyful sound!
Let the nations roll it round!
- 4 Wonderful in saving pow'r,
Him let all our hearts adore!
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God most High!

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
By their bespangled shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim!
Th' unweary'd Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes, to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs, be found,

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

HYMN LXXII.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, how divine,
 How bright thy bounties are!
 Thro' nature's ample round they shine,
 Thy goodness to declare:
 But, in the nobler work of grace,
 What sweeter mercy smiles,
 In my benign Redeemer's face,
 And ev'ry fear beguiles!
- 2 Indebted thus to thee, I'll pay
 My grateful sacrifice,
 When morning ushers in the day,
 Or ev'ning veils the skies!
 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
 Thy praise shall tune my breath—
 The dear memorials of thy name
 Shall gild the shades of death.
- 3 But, oh! how sweet my song shall rise,
 When freed from sinful clay,
 And all thy glories meet my eyes,
 In one eternal day!
 Not Seraphs, who resound thy name,
 Thro' yon etherial plains,
 Shall glow with a diviner flame,
 Or raise sublimer strains!

HYMN LXXIII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir,
That fill the realms above!
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love!
Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode!
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays!
Ye winds, resound his name aloud,
Thro' the etherial blue!
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 3 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear, in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand!
Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar!
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore!
- 4 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,
In coarser harmony.
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound—
Echo the glories of your King,
Thro' all the nations round!

HYMN LXXIV.

1 **G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing:
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name ador'd!

2 Men on earth, and saints above,
 Sing the great Redeemer's love!
 Lord, thy mercies never fail—
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

3 Tho' unworthy of thine ear,
 Lord, our hallelujahs hear;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When with saints above we sing.

4 Lead us to that blissful state,
 Where thou reign'st, supremely great:
 Look with pity from thy throne—
 And send thy Holy Spirit down.

5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way;
 Till we come to reign with thee,
 And all thy glorious greatness see.

6 Then, with angels, we'll again
 Wake a louder, louder strain:
 There, in joyful songs of praise,
 We'll our grateful voices raise.

7 There no tongue shall silent be—
 There all shall join sweet harmony—

There,

There, thro' heav'n's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God, shall ever sound.

Chorus.

Lord, thy mercies never fail—
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

HYMN LXXV.

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs—
By thousand thro' the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r—
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.
But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;
Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which attribute most splendid shone,
The justice, or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN LXXVI.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heav'n and earth reply,

Praise

Praise ye his name!
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore!
 And faints cry evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!

2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name!
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad!
 Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless!
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 And shout with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb!

4 Tho' we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease,
 Praising his name!
 To him we'll tribute bring—
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And evermore shall sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!

HYMN LXXVII.

1 **T**HE glorious armies of the sky,
 To thee, O mighty King,
 Triumphant anthems consecrate,
 And hallelujahs sing!

But

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant, then, must human praise
From thy perfections be!

- 2 Yet how, my God, can I refrain,
When, to my ravish'd sense,
All creatures, in their various ways,
Display thine excellence?
The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,
With silent eloquence.
- 3 The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair,
When, in the east, its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air:
The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers, owns, from thee
Their pleasing odours come.
- 4 The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause,
With diff'rent voices call.
Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No—rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **B**EGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn

- A solemn hymn of grateful praise
 To heav'n's almighty King !
 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
- 2 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks—
 The sacred sound retain,
 And, from your hollow winding caves,
 Return it oft again.
 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away;
 And, round the wide extended world,
 My lofty theme convey.
- 3 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as ye arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning-skies.
 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer, from the crystal vault,
 To ev'ry flying strain.
- 4 Long let it echo round the spheres,
 And pierce the starry sky,
 Till angels with immortal skill,
 Improve the harmony :
 While I, with sacred raptures fir'd,
 The blest Creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heav'n's almighty King !

H Y M N LXXIX.

FROM heav'n, the loud, th' angelic song began,
 It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd man;
 By

By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
 Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.
 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway!
 In earth, in heav'n, the Lord of all!
 Ye Princes, Rulers, Pow'rs obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.
 The deed was done! the Lamb was slain!
 The groaning earth the burden bore:
 He rose! he lives! he lives to reign!
 Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r!
 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
 The mighty blessings shall proclaim!
 Blessings that earth to glory raise—
 The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
 Higher, still higher, swell the strain!
 Creation's voice the note prolong!
 The Lord shall ever, ever reign!
 Let hallelujahs crown the song!

H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **H**ouse of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
 With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim—
 Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
 The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
 His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.
- 2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
 Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
 His honours sound—you to whom good alone,
 Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
 Thro' your immortal life with love increasing,
 Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.
- 3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crown'd

Crown'd with his goodness let thy nations meet,
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
 With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
 Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

- 4 His goodness never ends—the dawn, the shade,
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God:
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

- 5 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join!
 Angels and men in harmony combine!
 While human years are measur'd by the Sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs, and raptures never-ending.

HYMN LXXXI.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious song—
 Assist the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
 Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns—
 Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains;
 Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
 And sing the love that brings to men salvation.

- 2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
 Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
 No human aid the danger could avert—
 No angel's hand could sooth the raging smart:
 In his own breast divine compassion rises,
 And the grand scheme the court of heav'n surprises.

- 3 God's only Son, with peerless glories bright,
 His Father's fairest image and delight,

Justice

Justice and grace the victim have decreed
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wondrous work is done—the cov'nant stood—
And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood :
Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head—
A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead—
Rising, the gospel sends thro' ev'ry nation—
Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise !
Oh let it run thro' everlasting days !
And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood ;
And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

H Y M N LXXXII.

1 **B**EGIN, my Soul, th' exalted Lay—
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name !
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme !

2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing !
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string !

F

3 Thou

- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
 Ye thunders, speak his pow'r!
 Lo! on the lightnings gleamy wing,
 In triumph walks th' eternal King—
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunders of the skies!
 Praise him who bade you roll!
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing!
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise,
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise!
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ—
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme—
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
 Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face;

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blefs redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears—
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring—
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King;
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing—
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:

Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made!
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne!

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell—
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God our king! Hallelujah.
Thine eternal love we sing: Hal.
Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine— Hal.
Wrought salvation, made us thine. Hal.

- 2 Wand'ring sheep, how far from home,
Sore bewilder'd, did we roam,
Till the gracious Shepherd came,
Sought and sav'd! Oh praise his name!

3 Death!

- 3 Death! no more we dread thy sting—
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing:
Grave! thy terrors we defy—
We shall live, for Christ did die.
- 4 Fir'd with gratitude, we raise
All our souls to sound thy praise—
Touch each heart, each tongue inspire,
Sing we higher still, and higher.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and king—
Meet, in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye faints, the song around—
Angels, help the cheerful sound—
Publish through the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God!
- 3 Praises here to thee we give—
Gracious thou our thanks receive:
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd!

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**HAT joy shall abound,
When our brethren around
The throne of our glorious Redeemer are found!
Not a dissonant string
Shall be heard while we sing,
With the chorus of angels, our Saviour and King.

- 2 Our Saviour we own
 Who sits on the throne—
 All praise to the Father, and Spirit, and Son !
 We are sav'd by the Lamb—
 Let all heav'n proclaim—
 Let all heav'n bow down to his wonderful name !
- 3 Our Jesus surround,
 With majesty crown'd,
 And amen to our praises, ye Seraphim, found ;
 Stand, stand in amaze,
 Ye Seraphs, and gaze,
 Or fall and adore in the spirit of praise.
- 4 Thus with you would we lie,
 Till exalted on high,
 Hallelujah, again Hallelujah, we cry !
 Progressively move,
 And in rapture improve,
 And eternity spend to the praise of his love.

HYMN LXXXIX.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ! let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
 Let heav'ns high arches echo with his name,
 And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim :
 He reigns alone ! let universal nature
 Exalt the glories of its great Creator.
- 2 Fram'd by his fiat, like a spotless bride,
 The world appear'd complete in finish'd pride ;
 Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as it stood,
 The heav'nly Architect pronounc'd it good :
 The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
 Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

3 Yet

- 3 Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 4 The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky—
The stars rush headlong, in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.
- 5 But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne!
Jehovah reigns! a universe alone!
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same;
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 6 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise;
Cease then your songs—the daring flight controul—
Revere him in the stillness of your soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

H Y M N X C .

- 1 'TIS mercy calls—awake, my grateful string!
Let trembling sinners listen while I sing:
'Tis not his dire avenging rod—
I sing the mercies of a God.
Let ev'ry tongue incessant cry,
All glory be to God on high!

Symphonious

Symphonious in the sacred chorus join,
Till our united voices reach the seats divine.

- 2 The Lord, tho' seated far above the sky,
Yet sees the penitent with pitying eye:
Pleas'd he observes our secret fear,
And in his bottle puts each tear;
He hears the downcast mourner's cry,
And ever listens to a sigh:
If godly sorrow raises but a groan,
'Twill mount, like fragrant incense, to the heav'nly throne.

- 3 Hear this, with rapture, ye dejected minds,
Whom errors darken, or whom weakness blinds;
Lift from the dust your streaming eye,
And know the Lord your help is nigh—
The Lord who succours the distressed,
Will comfort you; and give you rest.
Let cheerful hope in ev'ry bosom spring,
For boundless mercy dwells with heav'n's eternal King.

- 4 Unanimously, then, your voices raise,
With hearts uplifted, to declare his praise:
Let the melodious numbers flow,
And love in all our bosoms glow:
Now let the pious, grateful song,
Break forth aloud from ev'ry tongue:
For heav'nly mercy soothes the mourner's care,
And bids the innocent rejoice, the sinner not despair.

HYMN XC1.

- 1 **B**REATHE in praise of your Creator,
Ev'ry heart his honours raise;
Magnify

Magnify the Lord of nature,
Magnify the God of grace:
Hallelujah!
Fill the universe with praise.

- 2 Sing with glad anticipation—
Mortals and immortals sing;
Jesus comes with full salvation—
Jesus doth his glory bring:
Hallelujah!
God omnipotent is King.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **O**H for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujah's rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and Seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the follow'rs of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;

Oh

Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N XCIII.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice !
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice !

- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing !
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear—let angels know
How mean their nature's seem—
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd to him.

- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the bounds the seas should keep,
And where the hills must stand.

- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore—
Come, kneel before his face;
Then shall the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.

H Y M N X C I V.

1 **S** AINTS, begin the endless song—
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays,
"Glory doth to God belong—"
God, the glorious Saviour, praise!

2 From him all salvation came—
Him who reigns enthron'd on high:
"Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"
Let the morning stars reply.

Chorus.

Praise him—Hallelujah! praise him evermore.

H Y M N X C V.

1 **Y** E tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise!
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Let ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God!
Ye heav'nly host the song begin,
And sound his name abroad!

H Y M N X C V I.

1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let

Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss!
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In their eternal song conspire.

Chorus,

*Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.*

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill!
Vallies, lie low before his eye!
And let his praise from ev'ry hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky!
Each of his works, &c.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore!
Praise him, ye beasts in diff'rent strains!
The lamb must bleat—the lion roar.

8 Birds,

- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme—
 Nature demands a song from you;
 Whilst the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
 Leap up, and mean his praises too.
Each of his works, &c.
- 9 Mortal, can you refrain your tongue,
 While nature all around you sings?
 Oh for a shout from old and young!
 From humble swains, and lofty kings!
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
 Oh may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
 But saints who best have known the Lord,
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of his love,
 Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord!
 From all below, and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

H Y M N - XCVII.

WORTHY, O Lord, art thou alone
 Eternal praises to receive!
 Immortal love supports thy throne,
 And by that love ev'n angels live.

Chorus.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with
 all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy
 G glorious

glorious name: evermore praising thee, and saying,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and
 earth are full of thy glory: glory be to thee, O Lord
 most High. Amen.

HYMN XCVIII.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne!
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage:
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

HYMN XCIX.

- 1 **O** Thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To him so wondrous kind?

Chorus.

- 4 To that great undivided *Thrice*,
One God whom heav'n and earth adore,

As

As 'twas, and is, all glory be,
Till time itself shall be no more!

H Y M N C.

OH come, let us join,
In music divine,
The *Saviour* to laud!
'Tis right, and 'tis meet,
It is charming, and perfectly sweet,
The *Saviour* to praise, our *Lord* and our *God*.
'Tis a pleasure to sing
Of our crucify'd King,
With courage and flame:
The Angels that love us,
And Seraphs above us,
Do always the same.
Hark! hark, how they shout
All heav'n throughout,
In sounding his name!

H Y M N CI.

1 **T**HOU who art inthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse!

2 Let the lute and harp combine—
Organs in the chorus join—
Solemn notes of sweetest sound,
Great *Jehovah's* praise resound!

From thy works our joys arise—
 O thou only good and wise,
 Who thy wonders can declare?
 How profound thy counsels are !

HYMN CII.

- 1 **O**h render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
 Has stood, and shall for ever last !
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise !
- 3 Praise God from whom all blessings flow !
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HYMN CIII.

- 1 **C**OME, sing the great Jehovah's praise,
 Whose mercy hath prolong'd our days,
 Sing with a joyful voice ;
 With bended knees, and lifted eyes,
 Adore your God with sacrifice—
 In sacred hymns rejoice.
- 2 Great is the God of our defence—
 Transcending all in eminence,
His hand the earth sustains—
 The depths, the lofty mountains made,
 The land and liquid plains display'd,
 And curbs them with his reins.

- 3 Oh come, before his footstool fall!
Our only God, who form'd us all,
Thro' storms and dangers leads:
He is our Shepherd, we his sheep—
His hands from wolves and rapine keep—
His pleasant pastures feed.

H Y M N C I V.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd;
By God, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

H Y M N C V.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye people, clap the hand—
Exulting strike the chord;
Let ev'ry isle, and ev'ry land,
Confess th' Almighty Lord!

How awful his mysterious name !
 How high advanc'd his seat !
 Who bids the nations own our claim,
 And casts them at our feet.

2 He to our lot a land assign'd,
 His favour'd Jacob's boast,
 And blest with gifts of various kind
 Her health-incircled coast :
 Hear, while the shouts wide echoing round
 Th' ascending God proclaim,
 The ans'ring trump thro' heav'n resound,
 And shake its vaulted frame.

3 Sing to our God, in loudest strain—
 Perpetual praises sing !
 O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign—
 Oh praise our God and King !
 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
 In one assembled throng,
 Your shares of harmony to part,
 And raise the heav'n-taught song.

HYMN CVI.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne :
 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of our heav'nly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys—

That

That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love:
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N C V I I.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we, then, with sweet accord—
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee

- 2 Thee the first born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease :
 Angels with arch-angels all
 Sing thee mystic *Three in One* ;
 Sing, and pause, and gaze, and fall,
 O'erwhelm'd, before thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir,
 Who chant thy praise above,
 We on eagle's wings aspire—
 The wings of faith and love :
 Thee they sing with glory crown'd—
 We extol thee, slaughter'd *Lamb* ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

HYMN CVIII.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself to thee,
 A worm of earth I cry ;
 An half-awaken'd child of man—
 An heir of endless bliss, or pain—
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;

Give

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With godly diligence and fear,
Salvation to secure—
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

H Y M N C I X.

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes

- 3 Yes, Lord, I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesu's sake:
Oh may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CX.

- 1 **O** Thou whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh—
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye—
See low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn!
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?
- 2 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail—
This only safe retreat!
Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 3 Oh shine on this benighted heart!
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine!
Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:

Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

H Y M N C X I.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile—conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy, and unclean—
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
Oh make me wise betimes, to see
My danger, and my remedy!
- 4 Behold! I fall before thy face—
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean—
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesu, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow—
No other thing can cleanse me so.
- 6 Give me from guilt a quick release—
Speak to my contrite spirit peace:
Oh, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice!

HYMN CXII.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of joys divine,
 To thee my soul aspires:
 Oh could I say "The Lord is mine,"
 'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
 Unmingled, and refin'd—
 Substantial bliss, without alloy,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
 Bid stormy trouble cease—
 Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
 And sorrow turn to peace.
- 4 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love:
 Oh speak the kind transporting word,
 And bid my fears remove!
- 5 Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,
 To spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN CXIII.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Redeemer of all,
 Who didst, as our Substitute, die,
 Upon thee for mercy we call—
 Alone on thy merits rely:
 Thou lover and friend of mankind,
 With joy we have heard of thy fame,
 Thy mercy expecting to find,
 For ever and ever the same.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou didst, when incarnate, receive
All sinners with sorrow oppress;
The penitent thou didst relieve,
And in thee the weary found rest:
With sins or infirmities pain'd,
Thy succour who humbly implor'd,
As many as sought it obtain'd,
As many as touch'd were restor'd.
- 3 Invited, and urg'd to draw nigh,
We trust in a merciful God—
To thee, the Physician apply,
And wait for a drop of thy blood:
Thy blood all distempers can heal—
Its virtue, dear Saviour, impart;
Our pardon infallibly seal,
And heaven implant in our heart.

H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 **O**UT of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die:
Hast'ning to infernal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man—
Shew forth all thy pow'r in me.
- 2 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:
Let me hear the joyful sound—
Speak, and all my crimes forgive—
Speak, and let the lost be found—
Speak, and let the dying live.
- 3 Thy blood is all my plea—
Thy righteousness my stay:

H

By

By thy pangs, and bloody sweat—
 By thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me, gasping at thy feet—
 Save, oh save thy ransom'd one!

- 4 What hast thou done for me!
 Oh, think on *Calvary*!
 By thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By thy precious death, I pray,
 Hear my dying spirit's cries—
 Take, oh take my sins away!

H Y M N CXV.

- 1 SAVIOUR from sin, from fear, and shame,
 For thee, with broken heart, I cry;
 My only trust is in thy name—
 Forgive, or I for ever die.
- 2 Thy name alone can be my balm,
 My spirit's desp'rate sickness heal:
 Thy voice alone the storm can calm,
 And bid my troubled heart be still.
- 3 Out of the deep, I cry, "Undone—
 "Undone to all eternity"—
 But to thy wounds for refuge run,
 Saying, "Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 4 Break, Jesu, break the fowler's snare—
 Oh pluck the firebrand out of hell!
 Snatch'd from the jaws of deep despair,
 The great deliv'rance let me tell.
- 5 Oh let me know the joyful sound
 Of peace with God, thro' sin forgiv'n!

And

And more than sin let grace abound,
And make me truly meet for heav'n.

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Pronounce the reconciling word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise—
Shall rise, and break thro' all.
- 3 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.
- 4 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound—
All, all I want is there.
- 5 What tho' I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load!
The things impossible with men
Are possible with God.
- 6 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine—
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

HYMN CXVII.

1 COME, holy, come heavenly Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast!
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance of rest!
 Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner oppress'd with his load—
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle with Jesus's blood.

2 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire—
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal—
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel.

3 If when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up, when I mourn'd;
 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore—
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to suffer, no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a taste of thy love—
 If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
 For me to receive from above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
 True Witness of mercy divine,
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

HYMN

H Y M N CXVIII.

1 **L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain—
Oh take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release—
No longer let me be oppress—
Dear Redeemer, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Hast thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin?
Weary, I obey thy call,
And come to be made clean:
Give my burden'd conscience ease,
Oh grant me now the promis'd rest!
Dear Redeemer, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who suppliant comes to thee?
No, my God—I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
Let forgiveness, then, thro' grace,
Be deeply on my soul impress!
Dear Redeemer, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N CXIX.

1 **O** Jesus, the rest
Of spirits distress,
In whom all the children of men may be blest:
The blessing design'd
For the whole of mankind,
My crucify'd God, let me happily find!

H 3

2 O Jesus,

- 2 O Jesus, appear,
 Thy mourner to cheer—
 My grief to assuage, and to banish my fear!
 The pris'ner release—
 Oh say, "Go in peace,"
 Then my troubles and sins in a moment shall cease.
- 3 That moment be now—
 The petition allow,
 My present Redeemer and Comforter thou!
 The freedom from sin—
 Th' atonement, bring in,
 And sprinkle my conscience, and bid me be clean.

HYMN CXX.

- 1 MY burden unable to bear,
 With sin above measure oppress,
 I pour out my sorrowful pray'r—
 I groan for redemption and rest:
 In hope of approaching relief,
 I call on his wonderful name,
 Whose pity attends to my grief,
 For ever and ever the same.
- 2 He came a lost world to redeem—
 He waits a lost world to forgive;
 The sinner is welcome to him—
 The dead by his dying may live:
 In mercy alone he delights,
 Unspeakably loving and kind,
 The weary and burden'd invites
 Repose in his bosom to find.
- 3 My only resource in despair,
 To Jesus, I, therefore, will flee,

And

And cast a whole mountain of care
On him that hath suffer'd for me :
When he upon Calvary dy'd,
The weight of my guilt he endur'd—
And lo ! in his death I confide—
And lo ! by his wounds I am cur'd.

H Y M N C X X I.

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me !
Thy mercy is my only plea :
Look with compassion on my woes,
And let not judgment interpose.
- 2 Guilty before thy face I stand,
And fear thy sin-avenging hand ;
Hell as my just desert I own,
But mercy pleads before thy throne.
- 3 Mercy, thro' Jesus crucify'd,
I ask, and can I be deny'd ?
Mercy, O God ! I ask no more—
Thrust not my soul from mercy's door.
- 4 O God, in thee alone I trust,
Who art as merciful as just :
Tho' justice may thy vengeance claim,
Yet mercy is in Jesu's name.
- 5 Give, then, my troubled spirit rest—
With pard'ning mercy make me blest :
Behold I faint beneath thy frown—
Send, send the cheering cordial down.

HYMN CXXII.

1 **I**F, Lord, the Witnesses were in me,
 Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh?
 And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
 I know myself thy child.

2 Ah! never suffer me to rest,
 Till of my part in Christ possést,
 I on thy mercy feed;
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
 To eat the Children's bread.

3 Oh may I cast my rags aside!
 My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
 And for acceptance groan!
 My works of righteousness disclaim,
 With all I have, with all I am,
 And trust in grace alone!

4 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
 Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
 And thy free grace display:
 My heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

HYMN CXXIII.

1 **S**AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me from thy lofty throne—
 Give the sweet relenting grace—
 Soften this obdurate stone;

Stone

Stone to flesh, O God, convert—
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove—
All mine inmost sins reveal—
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel—
Sins that crucify'd my God—
Spilt afresh thy precious blood.

3 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep—
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep—
Bitterly as Peter mourn;
Till I say (by grace restor'd).
“Now thou know'st, I love thee, Lord.”

4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distressed!
Stand, not daring to draw near!
Smite on my unworthy breast!
Groan the sinner's only plea,
“God, be merciful to me.”

5 Oh! remember me for good!
Let me hear thy pard'ning voice!
Sprinkle me with Jesu's blood—
Bid my troubled heart rejoice!
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesu crucify'd for me!

H Y M N CXXIV.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise—
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears!

Before

Before the throne my Surety stands—
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on *Calvary*;
They pour effectual pray'rs—
They strongly speak for me:
“Forgive him, oh forgive (they cry)
“Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!”

4 The Father hears him pray—
Well-pleas'd, beholds his Son;
Then takes my sins away,
For what the Lamb has done:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd—
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child—
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, “Father, Abba, Father,” cry.

HYMN CXXV.

1 **J**ESU, thou art my righteousness,
For, all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 Holy,

- 2 Holy, and just in thee I am—
I feel my sins forgiv'n—
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heav'n.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.
- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own—
Wash me in ev'ry part—
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to fight improve—
Till hope shall in fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasure I forego—
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know—
My Jesus crucify'd.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain—
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
 He tasted death for me:
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning victim dy'd;
 Only Jesus will I know—
 My Jesus crucify'd.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end:
 This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend—
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus will I know—
 My Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 What tho' earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear!
 Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near:
 Suff'ring faith shall brighter glow,
 As gold when in the furnace try'd:
 Only Jesus will I know—
 My Jesus crucify'd.
- 5 Here will I set up my rest—
 My fluctuating heart,
 From the haven of his breast,
 Shall never more depart:
 While I sojourn here below,
 Of nothing will I think beside;
 Only Jesus will I know—
 My Jesus crucify'd.

H Y M N CXXVII.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss,
My soul is satisfy'd at home—
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who, on his glorious throne,
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself for me.

3 His person fixes all my love—
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

I

4 His

- 4 His word of promise is my food—
 His Spirit is my guide :
 Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
 And all my wants supply'd.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss—
 Disgrace for him renown :
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 Which leads me to a crown.
- 6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
 How much they gain or spend :
 Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
 But mine shall know no end.

HYMN CXXIX.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain—
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation, slain,
 Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heav'n and earth shall flee away.
- 2 Jesu, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness—
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That Mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyfs,
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee—
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;
 While Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.

- 4 With faith I plunge me in this Sea—
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee—
I look into my Saviour's breast—
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head—
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone—
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn—
On this my stedfast soul relies,
Jesu, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring—
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals unto thee—
Like the blest hour, when, from above,
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Oh may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, nor love grow cold!

- 4 May ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, till we shall rise,
With heav'nly choirs, to laud thy name,
And shout the glories of the Lamb.

HYMN CXXXI.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before my eyes:
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Oh save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place—
My hope is in thy word.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, most merciful,
These thanks unfeign'd, these vows receive;
Thou, who, when bath'd in tears I lay,
Didst hear my cries, and quick relieve.
Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
Oh may our pray'rs ascend to thee!
- 2 Plung'd deep in woe, of hope bereft,
Destruction threaten'd me around;
Remorse was mine, and black despair,
And I no ray of comfort found.
Great God, &c.
- 3 For ever, Oh recorded be
The moment, when thy grace bestow'd,
Thro' Christ, the sight of pard'ning love,
And led me to this blest abode.
Great God, &c.
- 4 Since treading virtue's sacred paths
Alone secures the mind's content,
May the remainder of my days,
In serving thee be always spent.
Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
Oh may our pray'rs ascend to thee.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more take place!
My Saviour doth not yet appear—
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I, therefore, let him go,
And basely to the Tempter yield?

No—in the strength of Jesus, no—
I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny—
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die—
The field illude the tiller's toil—
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord—
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren altho' my soul remain,
And scarce one bud of grace appear—
But little fruit of all my pain,
And sin alone seem springing here—
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
Jesus, my Strength, shall lift me up—
Salvation is in Jesu's name:
'To me he soon shall bring it nigh—
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world, and sin behind.

HYMN CXXXIV.

3 **T**HO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail,
And foes all unite,

Yet

Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps,
But shall not be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like *Abra'm* of old;
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For tho' we are strangers,
We have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith:

He

He cannot take from us
 (Tho' oft he has try'd)
 This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us "we're weak—
 Our hope is in vain—
 The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain—"
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have ply'd,
 This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim,
 Yet since we have known,
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide—
 The Lord is our power—
The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
 And Death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through :
 No fearing or doubting,
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

H Y M N CXXXV.

1 **C**OURAGE, my soul ! Behold the prize
 The Saviour's love provides !

Eternal

Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there—
The weary are at rest—
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd :
Each acts a too successful part,
In harrassing my mind.

4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I !
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.

5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
(Tho' mighty are my foes)
I shall a Conq'ror be at length,
O'er all that can oppose.

6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear ?
The crown of glory see !
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He

He treasures up his wise designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take—
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour—
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

1 **S**INCE to Jesus for relief
My soul now flies by pray'r,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promise past?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me die at last?

2 While I know his Providence
Disposes each event,

Shall

Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feeds—
Cloathes the lillies of the field—
To his own dear Children's needs
Supplies he'll surely yield.

- 3 If he shed his precious blood,
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope rests well assur'd—
In that great redemption-price,
I see the whole secur'd.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let storms of persecution blow,
And let temptations come,
So I may to my Saviour go,
And reach my heav'nly home.

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of endless rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CXXXIX.

- 1 **H** EAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee!
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here,
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God,
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 Tho' in affliction's furnace,
 We still thy love admire;
 For, it is thus
 Thou purgest us,
 By thy refining fire.
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour—
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Thro' torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us—

The

The world despise,
For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We all, like dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand,
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

H Y M N CXL.

- 1 **W**HILE some round folly's circle roll,
And feed on joys which hurt the soul,
Be ours that silent calm repast
A peaceful conscience to the last !
- 2 With this companion in the shade,
Our souls no more shall be dismay'd;
We shall defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Tho' heav'n afflict, we'll not complain;
The noblest comforts still remain—
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with us thro' the vale.
- 4 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall we murmur at our God,
When secret love directs the rod ?
- 5 His hand shall smoothe our rugged way,
And lead us to the realms of day—
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN CXLI.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home—
 The city of saints shall appear—
 The day of eternity come!
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode—
 The house of our Father above—
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning shall be at an end,
 When, rais'd by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
 Our Saviour shall welcome us in—
 No sorrow shall breathe in the air—
 No gloom of affliction or sin—
 No shadow of evil be there.

HYMN CXLII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho'

- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wiles I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CXLIII.

TO vanity and earthly pride,
How short a date is giv'n!
The firmest rock that shall abide,
Is, confidence in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXLIV.

- 1 **H**OW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
This earth (he cries) is not my place,
I seek my place in heav'n—
To that Jerusalem above,
With singing, I repair;
Tho' in the flesh, my hope, and love,
My heart and soul are there.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here,
Nor can its happiness or woe
Excite my hope or fear:

Its evils in a moment end—
 Its joys as soon are past;
 But, oh! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last!

- 3 What is there here to court my stay—
 To hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come?
 Oh, would he all his grace bestow,
 And this frail vessel break,
 And let my ransom'd spirit go,
 To find the God I seek!

HYMN CXLV.

- 1 **O** Precious Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redemption we have found in thee,
 Help us to raise each grateful strain—
 To lift the voice of melody:
 Jesus God, thou art our Lord—
 Thee we praise, with one accord!
- 2 But when shall we this flesh resign,
 And from this vale of tears remove?
 We long to be for ever thine,
 And to be swallow'd up in love—
 Disembod'ed, loud to sing,
 "Jesus is our conqu'ring King!"
- 3 With holy Saints and Cherubims,
 When at thy footstool shall we fall,
 And laud thy name in joyful hymns,
 Resounding, "God is all in all!
 "Hallelujah to the Lamb!
 "Glory to the great I Am!"

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings—I mount—I fly—
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **V**AIN are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living faith unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 2 True faith will purify the heart—
True faith still works by love;
It bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 3 It overcomes sin, earth, and hell,
By a celestial pow'r:

This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

- 4 Faith must obey the Father's will,
As well as trust his grace :
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 5 When from past guilt he sets us free,
He makes us pure within ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 6 Let me, then, Lord, that faith obtain
Which speaks my sins forgiv'n,
Which makes my evil nature clean,
And fits me thus for heav'n.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, and he alone,
Who truly calls the Lord his own !
Who knows, who feels his sins forgiv'n,
And sees his title good for heav'n.
- 2 May I that happy person be,
And have eternal life in thee—
Obtain salvation thro' the Lamb,
And glory only in his name !
- 3 Dear Lord, impute no sin to me,
But pardon mine iniquity :
Anoint mine head with holy oil,
And cleanse my heart from secret guile.

- 4 My foolish lusts and passions slay—
My darling idols take away:
Extinguish all unchaste desires—
Inflame my heart with heav'nly fires.
- 5 Now send thy gracious Spirit down,
To sanctify and seal thine own:
Lord, take my soul into thine hand,
And make me bow to thy command.
- 6 My heart, alas! is still unclean!
Oh wash me free from ev'ry stain!
Let fresh supplies of grace be giv'n,
Till I am pure, and meet for heav'n.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word—
That wish to live to thee alone,
Oh stamp, and seal them for thine own.
- 3 Oh let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses—
Thy pow'r unto salvation shew,
And perfect holiness below!
- 4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians liv'd in days of old,
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

- 5 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And oh! my God, let me be one!

HYMN CL.

- 1 **C**OME, mighty Saviour, from above—
Let fleshly nature yield to grace!
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But still to move and live in thee!
- 3 While in this wilderness below,
The way to heav'n would I pursue,
And bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That lowly path I fain would seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
And of his sufferings only speak,
Endur'd for this poor soul of mine.
- 5 Henceforth may no prophane delight
Divide my consecrated soul!
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth would I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this would I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N C L I.

- 1 **L** ORD, fill me with an humble fear—
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 Oh that to thee my constant mind
Might, with an even flame, aspire!
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!
- 3 Oh that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.
- 5 Correct whate'er thou see'st amiss—
Still lead me on from grace to grace,
And make me as my Saviour is,
Till I am meet to see thy face.

H Y M N C L I I.

- 1 **O** H for an heart to praise my God—
An heart from sin set free!
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive meek,
My great Redeemer's throne—

Where

Where only Christ is heard to speak—
Where Jesus reigns alone!

- 3 Oh for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 My heart, thou know'st can never rest
Till thou create my peace—
Till of my Eden reposest,
From ev'ry sin I cease.
- 5 Thy nature, therefore, Lord, impart—
Come quickly from above;
And with thy fulness fill my heart,
With light, and life, and love.

H Y M N C L I I I.

- 1 **M**OST holy, holy, holy Lord,
I would be as thou art;
Oh, I speak the all-commanding word,
And make me pure in heart!
- 2 A foul, polluted leper, I
Cry out, "Unclean—unclean!"
But did not Jesus bleed and die,
To wash out every stain?
- 3 Is not his blood a fountain, where
My filthy spotted soul
May bathe itself, and be made fair,
And altogether whole?
- 4 I come, then, to this open flood,
To plunge myself therein;

Believing

Believing that his precious blood
Can cleanse me from all sin.

5 What tho' my sins as scarlet are—
Of deepest crimson-die!
With whitest wool they shall compare—
With snow unfully'd vie.

6 Thy promise, Lord, can never fail—
It shall accomplish'd be;
O'er nature, then, let grace prevail,
Till I am all like thee!

H Y M N CLIV.

1 **T**HE rocks can rend—the earth can quake—
The seas can roar—the mountains shake—
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

2 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear—
Judgments which even Devils fear:
Mercy and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 Jesu, to thee I humbly pray,
Oh take th' obdurate stone away!
Dissolve, with beams of love divine,
This frozen, stubborn heart of mine.

5 With streams of tears my eyes refresh—
Oh give me now an heart of flesh!

From

From all my filth and dross refine,
And melt, and change this heart of mine.

H Y M N C L V.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thee I lift my eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart;
Fain would I from my sleep arise,
And taste afresh how good thou art !
Give me the grace I humbly claim—
The saving pow'r of Jesu's name.
- 2 From my dull soul the slumbers shake—
Warn'd by thy Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.
- 3 Almighty Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst ev'ry known or secret foe :
A mind for all assaults prepar'd—
A sober watchful mind bestow,
Ever appriz'd of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 4 Oh, never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell !
But still my wakeful spirit keep
In lowly awe, and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
To keep my conscience always clear.
- 5 Attended by a filial dread,
And wise from evil to depart,

Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart—
Thro' all the paths of duty move,
And grow in faith, and hope, and love.

HYMN CLVI.

- 1 **L**ORD, fix a principle within
Of jealous godly fear—
A sensibility of sin—
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part—
No more thy Spirit grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make:
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And bring me back to the right way,
From whence I dar'd to move.
- 5 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

HYMN CLVII.

- 1 **C**OME all who love the slaughter'd Lamb,
And glory in his cross,

L

Still

Still for the sake of his dear name,
Count all things dung and dross.

2 Shrink not from drinking of the cup
Our Saviour drank before :
But fill we his afflictions up,
And triumph in his pow'r.

3 He takes his suff'ring people's part,
And sheds his love abroad,
And witnesses with ev'ry heart
That we are Sons of God.

4 Then let us all our burden bear—
To Christ our souls commend ;
Joyful his lot on earth to share,
And patient to the end.

5 " Be faithful unto death (he cries)
" And I the crown will give."
" Amen (each child of God replies)
" We die, with thee to live."

H Y M N CLVIII.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye happy faints,
Who only Jesus know,
Whom vice or folly paints
As monsters here below—
Rejoice in the divine applause—
The honour from above,
And glory in your Master's cross,
And triumph in his love.

2 Ye wise, and pious few,
Whose name the world blaspheme,

And

And therefore know not *you*,
Because they know not *him*,
Waiting to wear a starry crown,
To all their wrongs submit,
And let them spurn and tread you down,
As clay, beneath their feet.

- 3 'Tis thus ye learn to be
True follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who dy'd upon the tree,
Regardless of the shame:
With patient thankfulness receive
The scandal of the cross—
The grace not only to believe,
But suffer for his cause.
- 4 By fools accounted mad,
Of his reproach possest,
He bids your hearts be glad—
Your Lord declares you blest:
Exult in your despis'd estate—
Enjoy the token giv'n;
For, oh, beyond conception, great
Is your reward in heav'n!

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done?
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The myst'ry of thy passion shew—
The end of all thy griefs below.

- 2 Thy soul, for sin an off'ring made,
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine :
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To satisfy the wrath divine—
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner pure, like thee.

- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heav'n to buy,
The bleeding Lamb of God expir'd :
But didst thou not my pattern die,
That, by thy glorious spirit fir'd,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suff'ring sure ?

- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread—
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head—
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suff'ring share.

- 5 Thy ev'ry perfect servant, Lord,
Shall perfect as his Master be—
To all thy inward life restor'd,
And outwardly conform'd to thee :
Then, from the grave the saint shall rise,
And gain the glorious heav'nly prize.

- 6 This is the strait and royal way
That leads unto the courts above :
Here, therefore, let me ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight
From *Calvary's* to *Sion's* height.

H Y M N C L X.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades thro' the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To *Sion's* holy hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place—
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss! inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up—
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend, at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

H Y M N C L X I.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace—
Oh let me in thy likeness shine!

L 3

2 With

- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see!
In love be ev'ry with resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee!
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast:
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow—
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heav'ns host adore their King,
I shall be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy praises sing.

HYMN CLXII.

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart—
Make me teachable and mild—
Upright, simple, free from art,
As a harmless, weaned child:
From distrust and doubting free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive—
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 Like an infant that relies
On a care beyond his own—
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

H Y M N C L X I I I .

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While temptation's billows roll—
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past—
Safe into the haven guide—
Oh receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd—
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen—cheer the faint—
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Tho' a sinner vile I am,
Full of all unrighteousness,
Yet salvation's in thy name—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound—
 Make, and keep me pure within:
 'Thou of life the fountain art—
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears—
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy groans, and counts thy tears,
 And shall lift up thy head:
 'Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way—
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
 And ev'ry care be gone.
 What tho' thou rulest not!
 Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway,
 To choose, and to command;
 So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way—
 How wise, how strong his hand!
 Far, far above thy thought,
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord—
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand!
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

H Y M N CLXV.

1 **O** Zion, afflicted
With wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort,
Whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded,
By terrors dismay'd,
In toiling, and rowing,
Thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring, the billows
Almost overwhelm—
But skilful's the Pilot
Who sits at the helm:
His wisdom shall guide thee—
His power defend,
Till he, all-victorious,
Thy warfare shall end.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!"
In mercy he cries,
"What tho' high the surges,
"To fright thee, arise,
"Still, still I am with thee—
"My promise shall stand—
"Thro' tempest and tossing,
"I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget

4 " Forget thee I will not—
 " I cannot—thy name
 " Engrav'd on my heart doth
 " For ever remain;
 " The palms of my hands whilst
 " I look on, I see
 " The wounds I receiv'd when
 " I suffer'd for thee.

5 " I feel at my heart all
 " Thy sighs and thy groans,
 " For thou art most near me—
 " My flesh and my bones:
 " In all thy distresses,
 " Thy Head feels the pain—
 " Yet all are most needful—
 " Not one is in vain.

6 " Then trust me, and fear not—
 " Thy life is secure—
 " The truth of my word shall
 " For ever endure:
 " In love I correct thee,
 " Thy soul to refine—
 " To make thee, at length, in
 " My likeness to shine.

7 " The foolish, the fearful,
 " The weak are my care—
 " The helpless, the hopeless—
 " I hear their sad pray'r;
 " Thro' much tribulation
 " My people I bring,
 " But when they're in heaven,
 " The louder they'll sing."

H Y M N CLXVI.

1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown—
The moment is gone—
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh that each, in the day
Of Christ's coming, may say,
"I have fought my way thro'—"
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh that each, from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

H Y M N CLXVII.

1 COME, let us anew
Our Saviour pursue,
With vigour arise,
And run on our race to our prize in the skies:

Of

Of heavenly birth,
 Tho' wand'ring on earth,
 This is not our place,
 And strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call,
 Let us give up our all,
 And nobly forego,
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
 No love may we find,
 For the country behind,
 But onward still move,
 Expecting and seeking a country above.

3 Where there's permanent joy,
 Without any alloy,
 May we thither repair,
 And still have our heart and our treasure fix'd there.
 Let us march hand in hand,
 To Immanuel's land:
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth—for, eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,
 The shorter our stay—
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
 The fiercer the blast,
 The sooner 'tis past—
 The troubles that come
 Shall come to our rescue, and carry us home.

HYMN CLXVIII.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings—
 Thy better portion trace—
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place.

Sun

Sun, and moon, and stars decay—
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face—
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour shall return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance shall be giv'n—
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

H Y M N CLXIX.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way,
- 4 Blest'sd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We lay our laurels down.

HYMN CLXX.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing!
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise—
 Glorious in his works, and ways!
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the Fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout for joy—for ye are blest—
 Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest:
 There your seat is now prepar'd—
 There your kingdom, and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
 On the borders of the land:
 Christ, for you, before is gone—
 Dauntless, after him go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N CLXXI.

THE Soldier, call'd by Christ to arms,
When long expos'd to sin's alarms,
Is tempted oft to yield;
But if the gospel-trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

H Y M N CLXXII.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found
Oh bid it all depart!
- 2 That from thy laws we may not stray,
Uphold us by thy grace,
And guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's crosses to bear!
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up—
Our little stock improve—
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready Bride;
 Give us in heav'n a happy lot
 With all the sanctify'd!

HYMN CLXXIII.

- 1 JESU, unite us by thy grace,
 That each to each endear'd,
 With boldness we may seek thy face,
 And know our pray'r is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke;
 A band of love, a three-fold cord
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Into one spirit make us drink—
 Baptize into thy name;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree,
 And ever to each other move,
 And ever move to thee.
- 5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
 Let all our spirits cleave:
 Oh may we all the loving mind
 Which was in thee receive!
- 6 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove,
 That we our change may scarcely know,
 Made perfect, first, in love.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

- 1 **U**NCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay,
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, oh give us all one way!
- 2 Oh let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood!
Immoveable together stand,
And build the temple of our God!
- 3 Thou only canst our wills controul—
Our wild unruly passions bind—
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.
- 4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,
We all shall praise our common Lord,
And no dissensions shall divide.
- 5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific Dove,
That we may all in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.
- 6 Oh let us take a softer mould,
Blended, and gather'd into thee!
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
And live in peace and harmony!

H Y M N CLXXV.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee!
Let us in thy name agree:

M 3

Shew

Shew thyself the Prince of Peace—
 Bid our jars for ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove :
 Each to each unite, endear—
 Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind—
 Lowly, meek in thought, and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Free from clamour, wrath, and pride,
 May we with our God abide !
 All the depths of love express—
 All the heights of holiness !
- 5 May we feel each other's care—
 One another's burden bear !
 To thy Church the pattern give
 How all true believers *live*.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove,
 To the family above—
 On the wings of angels fly—
 Shew how true believers *die*.

HYMN CLXXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, with kindest pity see
 The souls that would be one in thee !
 If now accepted in thy sight,
 Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
 May we go hand in hand to heav'n,
 Forgiving, as we are forgiv'n.

2 Let

- 2 Let peace and unanimity
Our great characteristic be !
From bitterness and anger freed,
May we from grace to grace proceed !
Cemented all by love divine,
Oh let us in thine image shine !

H Y M N CLXXVII.

- 1 **W**ATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most High,
Who're zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear, and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow
From ev'ry evil to depart—
To stop the mouth of ev'ry foe,
While, in integrity of heart,
Of our religion proofs we give,
And shew them how true Christians live.
- 3 Oh let our lives to all around
With pure, unfully'd lustre shine !
Oh let our zeal and love abound !
That all mankind may know we're thine ;
And when our works of faith they see,
Ascribe the glory unto thee !

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, soft, harmonious name,
Ev'ry faithful soul's Desire,
Kindle in our hearts a flame
That to thee may still aspire !

Drawn

Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee oh may we run !
 Seeking, hand in hand, thy face,
 Till we're perfected in one.

- 2 Soften ev'ry jarring will—
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
 Sweetly on our spirits move—
 Gently touch the trembling strings—
 Make the harmony of love
 Music for the King of kings.

- 3 May we all, inspir'd by thee,
 Kindly for each other care,
 And, in unanimity,
 Thy redeeming grace declare !
 Spread thy love to all around—
 Hark ! we now our voices raise !
 Joyful, consentaneous found !
 Sweetest symphony of praise !

- 4 Jesu's praise be all our song !
 While we Jesu's praise resound,
 Glide our happy hours along !
 Ev'ry heart with joy abound !
 Far from sorrow, sin and fear,
 'Till we take our seats above,
 Live we all as Angels here—
 Only sing, and praise, and love !

HYMN CLXXIX.

- 1 SAVIOUR, be pleas'd to meet us here,
 And shew some tokens of thy love !

Now

- Now in the midst of us appear,
And bring down blessings from above:
And ev'ry time we here adore,
Supply our wants, from mercy's store.
- 2 May all that to these courts repair,
Behold the glories of thy face—
Be joyful in thy house of pray'r,
And be replenish'd with thy grace!
And may the pard'ning love of God
Within their hearts be shed abroad!
- 3 When sinners come to hear thy word,
May it sink deep into their hearts,
And, by its quick'ning pow'r restor'd,
Enjoy the life Christ's death imparts!
Repent, and flee from future wrath,
And lay fast hold on Christ by faith!
- 4 May those who groan for liberty
Their supplications here present,
And find enlargement, Lord, in thee,
Deliver'd from their banishment!
And then with heart-felt pleasure tread
The paths that to salvation lead.
- 5 May faints find all their wants supply'd,
And cast on Christ their ev'ry care!
In faith and love be edify'd,
And stronger consolations share:
Then home return, inflam'd with joy,
And in God's praise their lives employ!

H Y M N CLXXX.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?

And

And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise—
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With richest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign—
Here let the Lamb for sinners slain,
Transform our hearts by dying love,
And set them upon things above.
- 4 Awake, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake:
Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death.
- 5 Thine energetic pow'r display—
Produce a nation in a day;
For, at thy word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a gen'ral birth.

HYMN CLXXXI.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art—
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each frozen heart.
- 2 *Great Master of assemblies, hear!*
Thy presence now display:
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Within

- 3 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word—
In faith present our pray'rs;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 Oh, may the gospel's joyful sound,
(Enforc'd by mighty grace)
Awaken many finners round,
To praise thee in this place!

H Y M N CLXXXII.

- 1 **J**ESU, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-feat:
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
The humble bring thee where they come,
And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew—
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care—
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou soul of all our joys,
 For whom we now lift up our voice,
 And all our strength exert,
 Grant us the grace we humbly claim—
 Compose into a thankful frame,
 And tune thy people's heart.
- 2 While in the heav'nly work we join,
 Thy glory be our sole design—
 Thy glory, not our own:
 Still let us keep our end in view,
 And still the sacred task pursue,
 To please our God alone.
- 3 Oh let not pride; that subtle sin,
 On our unguarded hearts steal in,
 T' offend thy holy eyes—
 To defecrate our hallow'd strain,
 And make our solemn service vain,
 And mar our sacrifice.
- 4 To magnify thy glorious name—
 To spread the honours of the Lamb,
 Let us our voices raise;
 Our souls and body's pow'rs unite,
 Regardless of our own delight,
 And dead to human praise.

H Y M N C L X X X I V .

- 1 **T**HE Lord, our Salvation and Light,
The Guide, and the Strength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night,
A new *Ebenezer* to raise:
The year which we now have pass'd through
His goodness with blessings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new—
Then, let our thanksgivings abound.
- 2 Encompass'd with dangers, and snares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints,
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs—
His hand open'd wide to our wants:
We never besought him in vain—
When burden'd with sorrow or sin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where, before now, had we been?
- 3 For so many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made!
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil for good have repaid:
Then, well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh, who is a God like to thee,
"Who passest iniquities by,
"And plungest them deep in the sea!"
- 4 To Jesus who sits on the throne,
Our best hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone
That we are permitted to sing.
Assist us, we pray, to lament
The sins of the year that is past;
And grant that the next may be spent
Far more to thy praise than the last.

HYMN CLXXXV.

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the Sun
Hasted thro' the former year,
Many souls their course have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below—
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the swift-wing'd arrow flies
The appointed mark to find—
As the light'ning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise—
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive—
Pardon of our sins renew—
Teach us, henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old—
Fill us with a Saviour's love :
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above !

HYMN CLXXXVI.

- 1 **S**EE ! another year is gone !
Quickly have the seasons past !
This we enter now upon
May to many prove the last.

Mercy

Mercy hitherto has spar'd—
But have mercies been improv'd?
Let each ask, "Am I prepar'd,
"Should I be this year remov'd?"

- 2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run—
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun:
Some (but who God only knows)
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.
- 3 Life a field of battle is—
Thousands fall within our view—
And the next death-bolt that flies
May be sent to me, or you:
While I preach, and while ye hear,
May we all maturely think,
Vast eternity is near—
We are standing on the brink.
- 4 If from guilt and sin fet free,
By the knowledge of God's grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be,
To depart, and see his face.
Bless, then, Lord, the op'ning year—
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine;
That each soul assembled here
May be now, and ever, thine!

H Y M N C L X X X V I I .

- 1 **H**ARK! how Time's wide-sounding bell
Strikes on each attentive ear!

N 2

Tolling

Tolling loud the solemn knell
 Of the late departed year.
 Years, like mortals, wear away—
 Have their birth, and dying day,
 Youthful spring, and wintry age,
 Then to others quit the stage.

- 2 Sad experience may relate
 What a year the last has been !
 Crops of sorrow have been great,
 From the fruitful seeds of sin :
 Oh ! what numbers, gay and blithe,
 Fell by death's relentless scythe ?
 While they thought the world their own,
 Suddenly he mow'd them down.

- 3 Let us, therefore, warning take,
 Who are spar'd another year ;
 And, for thine own mercy's sake,
 Lord, among us now appear :
 Sun of righteousness, arise—
 Warm our hearts—anoint our eyes—
 Shine upon us from above—
 Make this year a time of love.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
 To him who lengthens out our days—
 Who spares us yet another year,
 And lets us taste his goodness here :
 Wisely, my friends, the time redeem,
 And learn to live and die to him.

- 2 Merciful God, how shall we raise
 Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise ?

Oh

Oh let them beat for thee alone,
And all their idols now disown!
Let souls and bodies now be thine,
A living sacrifice, divine!

- 3 Led by the Spirit, and the Word,
Let us unite to serve the Lord;
And plight our faith, with hearts sincere,
To walk in holiness, this year—
Our God to worship and adore,
'Till time itself shall be no more.

H Y M N C L X X X I X .

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren, and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground—
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
Yet us in mercy doth he spare,
Another, and another year.

- 3 When Justice rais'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, "Let it still alone"—
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

- 4 Jesu, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who, therefore, hath bestow'd
 A little longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo! we see another year.
- 5 Then, dig about our root—
 Break up our fallow ground—
 And let our holy fruit
 To thy great praise abound:
 Fruit to perfection may we bear,
 And glorify thee, this new year.

H Y M N C X C.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a Brother deceas'd—
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our Brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Outflying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,

With

With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end—
The mortal affliction is past—
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N C X C I.

- 1 **L**O! the pris'ner is releas'd,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He enjoys the smiles of God:
Lo! the pain of life is past—
All his warfare now is o'er:
Death and hell behind are cast—
Grief and suff'ring are no more.
- 2 Yes—the Christian's course is run—
Ended is the glorious strife—
Fought the fight, the work is done—
Death is swallow'd up of life:
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth his spirit flies—
Before God he sits and sings,
Triumphing in paradise.
- 3 Join we, then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit this house of clay—
We a better lot shall share:
We shall see the realms of day—
Meet our happy brother there.

4 Let

- 4 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain,
 Brother, Friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death, to thee, to us, is gain:
 Thou art enter'd into joy—
 Let the unbelievers mourn:
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

HYMN CXII.

- 1 **H**OW can we mourn to see
 Our fellow-pris'ner free!
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies!
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wip'd for ever from his eyes!
- 2 No—dear companion, no—
 We gladly let thee go,
 From a suffering Church beneath,
 To a reigning Church above:
 Thou hast conquer'd hell and death—
 Thou art crown'd with life and love.
- 3 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
 Hast leap'd the bounds of time:
 Suddenly from earth releas'd,
 Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
 Taken to an early rest—
 Caught into eternity.
- 4 Thither may we repair,
 That glorious bliss to share!
 We shall see the welcome day—
 We shall to the summons bow—
 Come, Redeemer, come away—
 Now prepare, and take us now.

H Y M N CXCIH.

GIVE glory to Jesus, our Head,
With all that encompass his throne!
A widow, a widow indeed,
A Mother in Isr'el is gone!
The winter of trouble is past—
The storms of affliction are o'er;
Her struggle is ended, at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

H Y M N CXCV.

- 1 **S**ONS of God, by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes;
What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise—
What is sown in death's dishonour
Shall revive to glory's light—
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be rais'd in matchless might.
- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our Brother's dust;
And forbear from bitter weeping,
Since thou must give up thy trust.
Sweetly sleep, dear Saint, in Jesus,
Thou, with us, shalt wake from death—
Soon the tyrant shall release us—
We his pow'r defy by faith.
- 3 Jesu, thy rich consolations
Now to thy disciples send—
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end.

Keep

Keep us from destructive errors,
 By thine all-sufficient grace,
 That we may the King of terrors
 With undaunted courage face.

HYMN CXCV.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
 Another has enter'd *her* rest—
 Another has fled to the sky,
 Safe lodg'd in Immanuel's breast!
 The soul of our *Sister* is gone;
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 How happy the Angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name!
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God, is it I?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 Oh, give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove!
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love!
- 4 Thou knowest I long to be there,
 Where sorrow and sighing shall cease;
 Then,

Then, Jesu, attend to my pray'r,
And grant me a gracious release!
Adorn, and make ready thy Bride,
In triumph then bear me away,
To give me a throne near thy side—
A crown that shall never decay.

HYMN CXCVI.

- 1 **I**N songs of praise unite
Over a Saint deceas'd!
The happy soul that took its flight,
And enter'd into rest.
Tost to and fro no more
On life's tempestuous sea,
Our Sister now hath reach'd the shore
Of calm eternity.
- 2 One with the Saints in light,
A witness for her God,
She wash'd her robes and made them white
In the Redeemer's blood.
Long in the furnace try'd,
With various ills oppress'd,
The Lamb at last hath call'd his Bride
Up to the marriage-feast.
- 3 With steadfast faith and hope,
Let us her steps pursue—
Cheerful, like her, the cross take up,
Like her, the world break through—
Like her, our faith approve,
And patiently endure,
And make, by all the works of love,
Our heav'nly calling sure.

HYMN CXCVII.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to God,
 In his highest abode!
 All heaven be join'd
 T' extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind!
 He claims all our praise,
 Who, in infinite grace,
 Again hath stoop'd down,
 And rais'd up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our partner below,
 Our brother in woe,
 From sorrow and pain,
 He hath call'd to the pleasures that always remain.
 He hath snatch'd him away,
 From a cottage of clay,
 To a kingdom above—
 A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.
- 3 Our friend is restor'd
 To the joy of his Lord—
 With triumph departs,
 But speaks, by his death, to our echoing hearts:
 "Follow after"—he cries,
 As he mounts to the skies—
 "Follow after your friend,
 "To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end."
- 4 Then, shall we not press
 To that harbour of peace—
 That heavenly shore,
 Where sorrow, and parting, and death are no more?
 Our brother pursue,
 And fight our way through—
 In the strength of our Lord,
 Follow on, till we gain the eternal reward?

H Y M N CXCVIII.

1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
Of which you're call'd to sup:
The juice of Christ, the living Vine,
Was press'd, to fill the cup.

2 This is the feast of heav'nly bread—
Oh 'tis a costly treat!
On Jesu's body ye are fed—
Come, friends, and freely eat.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous, in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor—nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you:
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news—
Then I may venture, too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely, the Lord will welcome me,
And save me by his grace.

H Y M N CXCIX.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord has made—
Rejoice, my friends, to see
His royal table richly spread,
For such vile worms as we.

2 Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise,
Cast off your rags of shame:

O

Open,

Open, ye blind, your long-clos'd eyes,
And leap for joy, ye lame.

- 3 Repenting sinner, welcome here !
Leave all thy cares behind:
Dismiss thy doubts—cast off thy fear—
Give reas'nings to the wind.

- 4 Approach in faith, and drink the blood
For thine offences shed ;
Christ's body is the Christian's food—
Then eat that living Bread.

HYMN CC.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Our peace is made with heav'n—
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiv'n.
His precious blood was shed,
His body bruise'd, for sin—
Ye poor, ye blind, ye halt, ye dead,
Now to the feast come in.

- 2 Here the Incarnate Son
Presents his flesh and blood,
That all, who feel themselves undone,
May eat the living food.
Sinners, the gift receive—
Each saying, " I am chief ;
" Thou know'st, O Lord, I would believe—
" Oh help my unbelief !"

HYMN CCI.

- 1 **L**ORD, who can hear of all thy woe,
Thy groans, and dying cries,

And

- And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
And sighs of pity rise?
- 2 Much harder than the hardest stone
That sinner's heart must be,
That would not melt—and yet we own
That such hard hearts have we.
- 3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
Will (as they have been oft)
With unrelenting hearts be view'd,
Unless thou make them soft.
- 4 Dissolve these rocks—call forth the stream—
Make ev'ry eye a sluice:
Let none be slow to weep for him,
Who wept so much for us.
- 5 And while we mourn, and sing, and pray,
And feed on bread and wine,
Lord, let thy quick'ning grace convey
The substance with the sign.

H Y M N C C I I

- 1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I hear there's room,
And vent'ring hard, behold, I come
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me?

- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine—
But oh! my soul wants more than sign!
I die, unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free—
Oh magnify it now in me!

HYMN CCIII.

- 1 **A**H, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn!
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony!
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with thy dear blood!
- 2 Oh could I gain the mountain's height,
And view the melting, piteous sight!
Oh that, with Salem's daughters, I
Might stand, and see my Saviour die!
Then hear him say, "Look now to me—
"Behold, I bleed, I die for *thee*!"

HYMN CCIV.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give;
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine
Oh that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign
Christ's passion on the tree!

- 3 Oh let us hear the dreadful sound
Which told his bloody pain—
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain !
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
In ev'ry heart so loud,
That ev'ry heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God !

H Y M N C C V.

- 1 **C**OME to the supper, come !
Sinners, there still is room ;
Ev'ry soul may be his guest—
Jesus gives the gen'ral word—
Share the monumental feast—
Eat the supper of your Lord.
- 2 In this authentic sign,
Behold the stamp divine :
Christ revives his suff'rings here,
Still exposes them to view—
See the Crucify'd appear !
Now believe he dy'd for *you*.

H Y M N C C V I.

- 1 **C**OME, all you who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his precious word :
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucify'd :
" In mem'ry of my dying love,
" Do this "—he said—and dy'd.

O 3

2 Then

- 2 Then let us still profess
 Our Master's honour'd name,
 Stand forth his faithful witnesses—
 True foll'wers of the Lamb :
 In proof that such we are,
 His saying we receive,
 And thus to all mankind declare,
 We do in Christ believe.

HYMN CCVII.

- 1 **P**RINCE of life, for sinners slain,
 Grant us fellowship with thee;
 By thy bloody wounds and pain,
 By thy mortal agony,
 Let us feel thy blood apply'd,
 That we may be justify'd.

- 2 Surely now the pray'r he hears;
 Faith presents the Crucify'd—
 Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears ?
 Pierc'd his hands, his feet, his side !
 Hangs our Lord on yonder tree—
 Hangs, and bleeds to death for me.

- 3 See the slaughter'd sacrifice !
 See the altar stain'd with blood !
 Now transfix'd before our eyes,
 Faith discerns the dying God—
 Dying that he might forgive—
 Dying that our souls might live.

HYMN CCVIII.

- 1 **'T**IS done—th' atoning work is done !
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer dies !

All nature feels th' important groan,
Loud-echoing thro' the earth and skies :
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And all her strong foundations shake.

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain—
The yawning graves give up their dead ;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 Then shall not we his death partake ?
In sympathetic anguish groan ?
O Saviour, let thy passion snake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone :
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us, that we sleep no more.

H Y M N CCIX.

1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread—
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known ;
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

- 4 The tokens of thy dying love
 Oh let us all receive,
 And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
 And sensibly believe !

HYMN CCX.

- 1 **T**HE grace which sure salvation brings
 Now let us, Lord, receive ;
 Fill thou the hungry with good things—
 The hidden manna give.
- 2 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
 Let it thy blood impart ;
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 To feed each longing heart.
- 3 Thy sacred flesh on us bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood ;
 'Till all our souls are fill'd below
 With all the life of God.

HYMN CCXI.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Lord, my God, bestow
 All which thy sacrament doth shew,
 And make the real sign
 A sure effectual means of grace,
 A means to sanctify and bless,
 And make my heart like thine.
- 2 My soul, I own, is full of sin,
 Yet, O eternal Priest, come in,
 And cleanse thy mean abode :
 Convert into a sacred shrine,
 And count this abject soul of mine
 A temple meet for God.

H Y M N CCXII.

- 1 **R**ECEIVE us, O thou bleeding God!
Partakers of thy flesh and blood
Grant that we now may be!
Th' attesting Spirit's seal impart,
And speak to ev'ry sinner's heart,
"I bled, I dy'd for thee."

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **L**OOK back, my soul, with due regard,
Look back upon the feast—
The strange provisions here prepar'd—
Thyself as strange a guest.
- 2 Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd
Nail'd to th' accursed tree?
In dying pangs, with blood imbru'd;
And suff'ring all for thee?
- 3 Again review this scene of grief!
Behold! admire! adore!
For all past guilt hence fetch relief,
And pardon'd, sin no more.

H Y M N CCXIV.

- 1 **M**Y soul, let all thy nobler pow'rs
To praise the Lord combine!
Awake my tongue, and to my thoughts
Thy tuneful numbers join!
- 2 All that's within me, bless and praise
My Saviour and my King!
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can forbear to sing?

- 3 His body, pierc'd with num'rous wounds,
Did, as a victim, bleed;
That we might drink his sacred blood,
And on his flesh might feed.
- 4 Exalt him, then, in lofty hymns,
Who nobly entertains
His friends with living bread, and wine
That flow'd from all his veins.

HYMN CCXV.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnish'd with mystic wine,
And everlasting bread;
Preserve the life thou now hast giv'n,
And feed, and train us up for heav'n.

- 2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
'Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fulness prove;
And strengthen'd by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

HYMN CCXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, regard the plaintive cry,
The sighing of thy pris'ners here—
Thy blood to ev'ry soul apply—
The heart of ev'ry mourner cheer—
The tokens of thy passion shew,
And wash us all as white as snow.

2 Th'

- 2 Th' atonement thou for all hast made
Oh that we all might now receive !
Assure us now the debt is paid,
And thou hast dy'd that we might live :
Thy sacrficial blood reveal,
And let it now my pardon seal.

HYMN CCXVII.

- 1 **A**H ! tell us no more
The spirit and pow'r
Of Jesus our God
Is not to be found in the life-giving food !
- 2 'Tis God we believe
Who cannot deceive—
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.
- 3 With bread from above—
With comfort and love
Our spirits he fills,
And all his unspeakable goodness reveals.
- 4 Oh that all men would haste
To this spiritual feast !
At Jesus's word,
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord !

HYMN CCXVIII.

- 1 **A**LL glory and praise
To the Ancient of days,
Who was born, and was slain, to redeem a lost race !

2 Salvation

2 Salvation to God
 Who carry'd our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
 The lives which he gave
 Such an infinite ransom for ever to save?

4 When, when shall it be
 O Jesus, that we
 Shall give up our bodies and souls unto thee?

H Y M N C C X I X.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

3 Shepherds, did you hear him coming,
 Whilst you kept your flocks by night?
 Did you see his star in heaven,
 Blaze with new created light.

4 Haste, ye Magi, come and worship,
 See the orient star before;
 Bring your presents, gold and spices,
 Blest Arabia's balmy store.

5 All ye joyous hosts of heaven
 Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;

Saints

Saints and angels, in full chorus,
Your seraphic voices raise.

- 6 Come, Oh come, your hallelujahs
In wide-echoing songs proclaim,
Heav'n and earth with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

H Y M N CCXX.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

P

6 Our

- 6 Our glad hofannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim:
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

H Y M N CCXXI.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears!
 The Godhead appears
 In Christ reconcil'd!
 The Father of mercies in Jesus the child!

- 2 The Ancient of days,
 To redeem a lost race,
 From his glory comes down,
 And dies on the cross, to bring us to a crown.

- 3 Made flesh for our sake,
 That we might partake
 The nature divine,
 And again, in his image, his holiness shine—

- 4 An heavenly birth
 Experience on earth,
 And rise to his throne,
 To live with our Jesus eternally one.

- 5 Then let us believe,
 And gladly receive
 The tidings they bring,
 Who publish to sinners their Saviour and King.

H Y M N CCXXII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,

And

And blefs thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son:
Salvation thro' his name
'To all mankind is giv'n;
And loud his infant-cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

- 2 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end;
'The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend:
His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart—
Righteousness, peace, and joy, and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

- 3 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of peace!
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase!
Till he conveys us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud—
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us all to God!

H Y M N CCXXIII.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing!
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild!
"God and man are reconcil'd!"

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
Join the triumphs of the skies!
Universal nature, say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

- 3 Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings.
- 4 Meek he lays his glory by—
Born, that man may never die—
Born, to raise the sons of earth—
Born, to give them second birth.
- 5 Come, Desire of nations, come—
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, thou Woman's promis'd Seed—
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
- 6 "Glory to the new-born King!
(Let us all the anthem sing)
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild!
"God and man are reconcil'd!"

HYMN CCXXIV.

- 1 **A**RISE, and hail this happy day!
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things:
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

Chorus.

- Oh then let heav'n and earth rejoice—
Angels and men, unite their voice,
To hymn this happy day!
- 2 How wonderful, how vast his love,
Who left the shining realms above—

These

These blissful seats of rest!
How much for lost man-kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be express'd!

3 Then let our souls his love embrace—
Let holy joy and thanks take place
Of sorrow, grief, and pain:
Glory ascribe to God on high—
Proclaim glad tidings through the sky,
Peace, and good-will to men.

4 If angels on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs,
Much more should we of human race
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

5 Let all in heav'n and earth rejoice!
Angels and men unite their voice,
To hymn this welcome day!
When Satan's vanquish'd empire fell,
And all the pow'rs of death and hell
Confess'd the Saviour's sway!

HYMN CCXXV.

1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire

P 3

Through

Through all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the sacred lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

4 Jesus has left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms;
And thus almighty pow'r and love
Appear in all their forms.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout.
The whole harmonious throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH;
GOOD-WILL and PEACE are now complete,
JESUS was born to die!

7 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears!
The promise is fulfill'd!
Mary, the wondrous Virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child,

2 To

- 2 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears:
He tells the Shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly:
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 "With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit Christ, your King:"
And straight a flaming troop was seen—
The Shepherds heard them sing.
- 5 "Glory to God on high,
"And heav'nly peace on earth!
"Good-will to men—to Angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth!"
- 6 In anthems so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues:
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- 7 "Glory to God on high,
"And heav'nly peace on earth!
"Good-will to men—to Angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth!"

H Y M N CCXXVII.

SEE! see the cleaving skies
Their shining hosts display,
Whilst charming symphonies
Attend them from the realms of day,

And

And thro' harmonious spheres
 Swift wing their downward way :
 Their golden harps they sound—
 Bright beams of glory blaze around,
 And floods of light the trembling swains confound.
 Lo! an Archangel, with melodious voice,
 Proclaims his grand commission from the skies:
 " Rise, humble swains—each anxious care dismiss:
 " Sweet tidings now I bring—
 " The great Jehovah, Salem's wondrous King,
 " Who o'er celestial nations reigns,
 " Appears to-day, th' incarnate Prince of peace."
 The heav'nly Messenger thus spoke,
 And calm attention held each list'ning ear :
 But a bright host,
 From the celestial coast,
 Straight fill'd the circumambient air,
 And chorus loud the solemn silence broke.
 " Eternal glories to the highest God!
 " Let songs sublime thro' earth's low regions run,
 " And fly resounding to his high abode,
 " From whence the charming melody begun.
 " Good-will to sinful men,
 " While time's old pillars on their base remain,
 " While stars shall glitter, or while suns shall shine!"
 Thus sang the blissful troop,
 And flew to heav'n again.

H Y M N C C X X V I I I .

1 **L** IFT up your heads in joyful hope—
 Salute the happy morn!
 Each heavenly Pow'r
 Proclaims the glad hour—
 Lo! *Jesus the Saviour* is born!

- 2 All glory be to *God* on high,
To whom all praise is due!
The promise is seal'd—
The *Saviour's* reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow—
Flow on, and still increase—
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At *Jesus's* birth,
For heaven and earth is at peace!
- 4 Now the good-will of heav'n is shewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race:
Messiah is come,
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.
- 5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning Seraphs sing:
Join all the glad pow'rs!
For *their* Lord is *ours*—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!

H Y M N CCXXIX.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The Temple's veil in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 " 'Tis

- 3 " 'Tis finish'd"—now the ransom's paid—
 " Receive my soul," he cries!
 See how he bows his sacred head—
 He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine!

HYMN CCXXX.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies!
 Hark! his last dreadful groans arise!
 See from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends th' expiring sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound:
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To cleanse and save apostate foes!
- 3 To suffer in the Sinner's place—
 To die for man, surprising grace!
 Passing rebellious angels by,
 Why die for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 Astonish'd at the wondrous deed,
 And griev'd to see his Maker bleed,
 The Sun withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 How then can I unmov'd remain,
 Insensible of all his pain?
 Surely, my Saviour's dying woe
 Should make the tears of love o'erflow.

6 Come,

- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN CCXXXI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing fight
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight!
In blood and anguish die!
Why hangs he on the tree?
For whom, my soul, for whom!
For thee, my soul, for thee, for thee—
He suffer'd in thy room.
- 2 For sinners he has bled—
That they might live he dy'd:
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.
We see, and we adore,
In symphony of love:
We feel the strong attractive pow'r,
To lift our souls above.
- 3 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor to confess
The energy divine:
In Christ may we unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his Cross pursue his flight
To his triumphant Throne.

HYMN CCXXXII.

1 **J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine-press treads alone—
 Tears the graves and mountains up,
 By his expiring groan.
 Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes!
 In convulsions nature lies—
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes—
 The great Jehovah dies!

2 Dies the glorious cause of all—
 And, by his death, man lives;
 Falls to raise us from our fall—
 His life for ours he gives.
 Now, the Sun withdraws his light,
 Mov'd with him to sympathise—
 Leaves the world in sudden night,
 While his Creator dies.

3 O my God, he dies for me!
 I feel the mortal smart!
 See him hanging on the tree!
 A sight that breaks my heart!
 Oh that all to him might turn!
 Sinners, ye may love him too:
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

1 **H**E dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
 Lo Salem's daughters weep around!
 Funereal darkness veils the skies,
 And sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Come,

Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of precious blood.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save"—
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

HYMN CCXXXIV.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heav'ns—and earth, reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight—the battle won!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids his rise—
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King—
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he dy'd, our souls to save—
 Where's thy victory, O grave?

H Y M N CCXXXV.

1 **W**ELCOME, blest day of sweet repose,
 Whereon the Son of God arose,
 And chas'd away our fear!
 The day that God hath set apart,
 To gladden ev'ry troubled heart,
 And dry up ev'ry tear!

2 Welcome, blest day of solemn joy,
 And pleasure that can never cloy—
 Eternal life begun!
 Let all in heav'n and earth record
 The glories of their risen Lord—
 The wonders he hath done!

3 This is the day the Lord hath made—
 Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
 Ye dear peculiar race!
 Exalt him in a heart sincere—
 His wisdom, love, and pow'r revere,
 And triumph in his grace.

4 Your ev'ry action, word, and thought—
 Your life, your all, to him devote,
 Who bought you with his blood

Let

Let him your great exemplar be;
And loudly shout, " 'Tis He—'tis He
"Redeem'd us unto God!

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

1 **B**REAK forth into praise!
Our Saviour and Head,
His members to raise,
Arose from the dead:
The pow'r of his Spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we, by his merit,
May all be restor'd.

2 Our Captain and King,
With shouts we proclaim,
And joyfully sing
The wonderful Name—
The Name all-victorious,
We publish and feel,
Triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, earth, and hell.

3 The pow'r of his rise
We know and declare,
And, wrapt to the skies,
His happiness share:
In heavenly places
With Jesus we sit;
And Jesus's praises
With angels repeat.

4 We sing of his love,
While sojourning here,
Till he from above
Our Saviour appear—

The heirs of salvation
 With triumph receive,
 In full consummation
 Of glory to live.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

- 1 **A**NGELS roll the stone away,
 Death yields up his mighty prey!
 See, Christ rises from the tomb,
 Glowing in immortal bloom!
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! Seraphs raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the world's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound!
- 3 Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song!
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!
 Shout the Son of God, this morn,
 From the womb of earth new-born.
- 4 Hail, victorious Jesus, hail!
 On the clouds of glory, sail,
 In long triumph, thro' the sky,
 Till thou art enthron'd on high!
- 5 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide!
 Thro' them, conqu'ring Hero, ride!
 King of glory mount the throne—
 Thy great Father's, and thine own!
- 6 Pow'rs of heav'n, seraphic fires,
 Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres!
 Sons of men, in lofty strain,
 Sing your mighty Saviour's reign!

Ev'ry

- 7 Ev'ry note with wonder swell—
Sin subdu'd, and vanquish'd hell!
Where is hell's once-dreaded king?
Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, tune, ye faints, your noblest strains,
Your rising, conqu'ring Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your God and King.
- 2 In hymns of grateful rapture, tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes—
Disarm'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And led them captive when he rose.
- 3 Sing to your God enthron'd on high,
Till all the list'ning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God resound.
- 4 Almighty love! victorious pow'r!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that blessed hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Much more do mortals try in vain
An anthem adequate to raise:
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

1 **S**EE your Redeemer rise !
 Your Saviour leaves the dead !
 Now Satan vanquish'd lies,
 Beneath your conqu'ring Head :
 In wild dismay,
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet !
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way,
 From realms of day,
 To Jesu's tomb.

3 Now back to heav'n they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead—
 " He rose to-day !"

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which ye dwell !
 Transported, cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead,
 " No more to die !"

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God !
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain,
 Beyond the skies !

H Y M N C C X L .

1 **T**HE Lord is risen ! he who came
 To suffer death, and conquer too,
 Is risen ; let our songs proclaim
 The praise to man's Redeemer due :
 To him whom God in tender love,
 Always alike to bless inclin'd,
 Sent to redeem us from above ;
 To save, to sanctify mankind.

CHORUS.

*Worthy of all pow'r and praise,
 He who dy'd, and rose again ;
 Lamb of God, and slain to raise
 Man, to life redeem'd—Amen.*

2 That life which Adam ceas'd to live,
 When to this world he turn'd his heart,
 And to his children could not give,
 The second Adam can impart.
 We, on our earthly parent's side,
 Could but receive a life of earth ;
 The Lord from heav'n, he liv'd, and dy'd,
 And rose to give us heav'nly birth.
 Worthy, &c.

3 This

- 3 This mortal life, this living death,
 Shews that in Adam we all die ;
 In Christ we have immortal Breath,
 And life's unperishing supply :
 He took our nature, and sustain'd
 The mis'ries of it's sinful state ;
 Sinless himself, for us regain'd
 To paradise an open gate.
Worthy, &c.
- 4 As Adam rais'd a life of sin,
 So Christ, the serpent-bruising feed,
 By God's appointment, could begin
 The birth, in us, of life indeed :
 He did begin ; parental Head,
 As Adam fell, so Jesus stood ;
 Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said
 'Tis finish'd !—on the sacred wood.
Worthy, &c.
- 5 Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,
 That sin had brought on Adam's race ;
 To pave the sole, and certain path
 From nature's life, to that of grace ;
 For joy of this, God's only Son
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
 And gave the victory, so won,
 For imitating love to claim.
Worthy, &c.
- 6 To tread the path that Jesus trod,
 Aided by him, be our employ ;
 To die to sin, and live to God,
 And yield him the fair purchas'd joy :

To all the laws that love has made
 Stedfast, unshaken to attend;
 He dy'd, he rose, himself our aid,
 Lo! I am with you to the end.
Worthy, &c.

H Y M N C C X L I.

- 1 **A**LL ye that seek the Lord who dy'd—
 The Lord for sinners crucify'd,
 In faith, in hope, in love, now come
 To worship at his sacred tomb.
- 2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
 Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
 Your sad complaints, and humble fears—
 Come, and embalm him with your tears.
- 3 While thus for sin ye deeply mourn,
 To joy your sorrow he shall turn:
 Now, now let all your grief be o'er—
 Jesus is risen—weep no more.
- 4 The Lord of life is ris'n indeed!
 Your conqu'ring and triumphant Head:
 His rise proclaims your sins forgiv'n,
 And shews the living way to heav'n.
- 5 Haste, then, ye souls that first believe—
 Who dare the gospel-word receive,
 Your faith, with joyful hearts, confess—
 Be bold—be Jesu's witnesses.
- 6 Go tell the servants of your Lord,
 That he is now to life restor'd:
 He lives, that they his life may find—
 He lives, to quicken all mankind.

HYMN CCXLII.

1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore!
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore!
 Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!
 Rejoice—again I say rejoice!

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns!
 The God of grace and love!
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his throne above:
 Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!
 Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail—
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:
 Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!
 Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!
 Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

5 Rejoice in glorious hope—
 Jesus, the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangels voice—
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

HYMN CCXLIII.

- 1 JESUS is now gone up on high,
To fill his heav'nly throne—
He captive leads captivity,
And tramples Satan down.
Gifts from his Father he receives,
For poor rebellious man :
The sinner who in him believes
Is freed, is born again.
- 2 Good Spirit, like a rushing wind,
Descend, and fill this place ;
Let all thy sacred presence find,
And feel an heav'nly peace :
Sit on our heads, like cloven tongues,
That we may sing thy praise,
And lengthen out our joyful songs,
To everlasting days.
- 3 Dark, without form, and void, alas !
Our hearts are like the earth,
Lord, say to the chaotic mass,
“ Awake to second birth.”
Lo ! we are blind, be thou our light—
And dead, be thou our life—
Lo ! we are weak, be thou our might,
And end this inward strife.
- 4 Our panting spirits thirst and cry,
Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Our natures change and purify,
And fix in us thy home :
Then will we publish and proclaim,
Thro' all the earth abroad,
The virtue of our Saviour's name—
The wonders of our God.

HYMN CCLXIV.

- 1 **S**HALL loyal nations hail the day
That crowns their King, with loud acclaim?
And shall not we our homage pay
To our beloved Saviour's name?
Ye saints, proclaim in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!
- 2 From him your ev'ry comfort flows—
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace;
He vanquish'd all your hellish foes—
He came to save—he reigns to bless.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!
- 3 Yes thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal endless praise—
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd
That men or angels e'er can raise!
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains!
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!
- 4 Tho' mean the tribute mortals pay—
Tho' cold the heart, and faint the tongue,
Yet, at the resurrection-day,
The saints shall tune a nobler song,
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!
- 5 He comes, he comes, with triumph crown'd,
In glorious robes of light array'd!
Faith views the splendor dazzling round—
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade:
Ye rising saints, high raise your strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!

H Y M N CCXLV.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of peace,
Who cloth'd himself in clay !
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away !
- 2 The King of terrors is disarm'd,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts on high,
And to his kingdom flies !
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Seated at God's right hand, he reigns,
And sends his blessings down ;
That head, once pierc'd with thorns, now wears
A never-fading crown.
- 5 High raise your anthems, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode :
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God !
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
And hallelujahs raise :
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise !

H Y M N CCXLVI.

- 1 **C**HRIST is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise !

R

The

The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing!
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conqu'ring love!
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing!
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

3 All pow'r to our great Lord
Is by the Father giv'n:
By angel-hosts ador'd,
He rules supreme in heav'n!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing!
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears unbounded sway:
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink, and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing!
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

5 His foes and ours are one—
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing!
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

HYMN CCXLVII.

1 **Y**OUR King ascends to reign!
Lift up your heads, ye gates—

With

With his angelic train,
Return'd from earth, he waits:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
And let the King of glory in.

2 O ye celestial pow'rs,
Welcome the God of grace!
Ye everlasting doors
Disclose the Holy-place:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
And let the King of glory in.

3 He comes—he comes from far,
The strong and mighty Lord—
Mighty and strong in war,
To claim his just reward:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
And let the King of glory in.

4 The Lord of hosts is he—
Th' omnipotent I AM—
Glorious in majesty,
Jehovah is his name:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
And let the King of glory in.

5 Jehovah, Jesus, Lord
Of earth and heav'n, receive,
Who comes, that man, restor'd,
With God again may live:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
And let the King of glory in.

6 Forerunner of mankind,
For us he reigns on high,

'Till all his member's join'd,
 Repeat the joyful cry—
 Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
 And let the heirs of glory in.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead—
 Our Jesus is gone up on high!
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene!
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame—
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.
 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits!
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious pow'r posselt—
 The King of saints and angels too—
 God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN CCXLIX.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come—
 Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel

Dispel the darknes from our minds,
And open our blind eyes:
Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wounded souls reveal
The pard'ning love of God.

2 Cheer each desponding heart,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
That great salvation now impart
For which we humbly wait:
If thou deny'st thy grace,
Patience and faith must fail,
And 'gainst such weak and helpless worms
Satan and sin prevail.

3 'Tis thine to justify—
To sanctify the soul—
To quicken, warm our mortal frame,
And new-create the whole:
Therefore, within us dwell,
That, as new creatures, we
May always know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

H Y M N CCL.

1 **S**INNERS, lift up your hearts
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts—
Vouchsafes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n—
Rejoice in God come down from heav'n!

2 Jesus is glorify'd,
And gives the Comforter—

R 3

His

His Spirit, to reside
 In all his members here :
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n—
 Rejoice in God come down from heav'n!

3 To make an end of sin,
 And Satan's works destroy,
 He brought his kingdom in—
 Peace, righteousness, and joy :
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n—
 Rejoice in God come down from heav'n,

4 The cleansing blood t' apply,
 And heav'nly life display—
 Our souls to sanctify,
 And seal us to that day,
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n—
 Rejoice in God come down from heav'n!

5 He's come to make us meet
 To see his glorious face—
 To grant us each a seat
 In his high holy-place :
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n—
 Rejoice in God come down from heav'n.

6 Our Saviour shall, once more,
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all his saints restore
 To joys that never end;
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n,
 That we may all rejoice in heav'n.

HYMN CCLI.

- 1 **A** WAY with our fears,
Our troubles, and tears!
The Spirit is come,
The Witness of Jesus return'd to his home.
The pledge of our Lord,
To his heav'n restor'd,
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 2 Our Advocate there,
By his blood and his pray'r,
The gift hath obtain'd—
For us he hath pray'd, and the Comforter gain'd.
Our glorify'd Head
His Spirit hath shed,
With his people to stay,
And never again will he take him away.
- 3 Our heavenly Guide,
With us shall abide—
His comfort impart,
And set up his kingdom of grace in the heart:
The heart that believes
His kingdom receives—
His joy, and his peace,
And righteousness, too, with continued increase.
- 4 Then, let us rejoice,
In heart and in voice—
Our Leader pursue,
And shout, as we travel the wilderness through:
With the Spirit remove
To Sion above—
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

HYMN CCLII.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus is return'd to heav'n,
 The purchas'd Spirit now is giv'n—
 The Comforter he will impart:
 Our day of Pentecost is come,
 And God vouchsafes to fix his home
 In ev'ry poor, expecting heart.
- 2 Send, then, the Spirit of thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 And to confer the life divine:
 Send him the sprinkled blood t' apply—
 Send him our souls to sanctify—
 Eternally to seal us thine.
- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease—
 So shall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, mercy, pow'r, and love—
 With joy unspeakable adore,
 And bleis, and praise thee evermore,
 And serve thee, like thy hosts above.

HYMN CCLIII.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore—
 Join with the triumphant host
 To praise thee evermore!
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

HYMN

HYMN CCLIV.

- 1 **W**E give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above!
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.
- 2 To God, the Son, belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe!
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God, the Spirit, we
Immortal worship give,
Whose pow'r creates anew,
And makes dead sinners live!
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With love divine.
- 4 Blessing and honour be
To Father, Spirit, Son!
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores!

HYMN CCLV.

- 1 **S**OME Seraph lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That I may raise a lofty song
 To our eternal King.
 Thy names, how infinite they be,
 Great, everlasting One!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfined thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
 And wondrous large thy grace;
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.
 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot found—
 An ocean of Infinities,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But *half thy* name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.
 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless Inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

HYMN CCLVI.

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom One in Three we know;
 By all thy heav'nly host ador'd,
 By all thy church below.

- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive!
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.
- 5 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be endless praise to thee,
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN CCLVII.

- 1 **O**H may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee;
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt—
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our case his own.
- 4 But

- 4 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 5 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 6 The Lord, displeas'd, has rais'd his rod—
Ah! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- 7 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray:
The nation, and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

- 1 **W**HILE Joshua led the armed bands,
Of Israel forth to war;
Moses, apart, with lifted hands,
Engag'd in humble pray'r.
 - 2 The armed bands had quickly fail'd,
And perish'd in the fight,
If Moses' pray'r had not prevail'd,
To put the foes to flight.
 - 3 When Moses' hands thro' weakness dropp'd,
The warriors fainted too—
Israel's success at once was stopp'd,
And Am'lek bolder grew.
- 4 A people

- 4 A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspense,
That not a num'rous armed host,
But God was their defence.
- 5 We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ships and men prepare;
But men like Moses most we want,
To save the state by pray'r.
- 6 Yet, Lord, we hope thou hast prepar'd
A hidden few to-day,
(The nation's secret strength and guard)
To weep, and mourn, and pray.
- 7 Oh hear their pray'rs, and grant us aid—
Bid war and discord cease:
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,
And bless us all with peace.

H Y M N CCLIX.

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS God, whose vengeful vials
Hanging, bursting o'er our head,
Big with woes, and fiery trials,
All our fears and thoughts exceed;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy peculiar people spare;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience—
Fill our humbled hearts with pray'r.
- 2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy—
Mercy, first and last, be shewn:

If thy cause thou now art pleading,
With the wide-destroying sword,
Oh, may Jesus, interceding,
Sooth the anger of the Lord!

H Y M N CCLX.

- 1 **O** God, the great, the fearful God,
To thee we humbly sue for peace;
Groaning beneath a nation's load,
And crush'd by our own wickedness,
Our guilt we tremble to declare,
And pour out our sad souls in pray'r.
- 2 Both rich and poor, both high and low,
Have trampled on thy mild command;
The floods of wickedness o'erflow,
And deluge our apostate land:
People and Priests lie drown'd in sin,
And *Tophet* yawns to take us in.
- 3 Righteousness, Lord, belongs to thee,
But guilt to us, and foul disgrace!
Confusion, shame, and misery
Are due to our rebellious race:
All, all the downward path have trod,
All, all have sinn'd against their God.
- 4 Yet since, most gracious Lord, at last,
Our sins with sorrow we confess,
Oh call to mind thy mercies past,
And let thy heavy judgments cease!
In Jesu's name we humbly pray,
From thy fierce anger turn away.

5 All our desert, we own, is hell,
But spare us, for thy mercy's sake:
We, self-condemn'd, to grace appeal,
And Jesu's wounds our refuge make:
Oh let us all thy mercy prove!
The riches of thy pard'ning love!

6 O Lord attend—O Lord, forgive—
O Lord, regard our earnest pray'r!
Fly to our rescue, bid us live—
The breaches sin has made repair:
Us for thy special people own,
And let us live to thee alone.

H Y M N CCLXI.

1 **J**ESU, sin-atonng Lamb,
Thine utmost pity shew!
All the virtue of thy name,
Oh let thy rebels know!
Tophet is our just reward,
Yet snatch us from the burning lake—
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For thine own mercy's sake:

2 Tho' thy judgments are abroad,
Let us thy goodness prove;
Save us, save us, gracious God,
In honour of thy love!
Tho' thy righteous wrath be stirr'd,
Arising slow the earth to shake—
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For thine own mercy's sake!

3 In our forty days reprieve
Warn the rebellious race;

Bid us turn, repent, and live
 To glorify thy grace :
 Oh reverse the threat'ning word,
 And do not, do not vengeance take !
 Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
 For thine own mercy's sake !

4 Oh alarm the sleeping crowd,
 And fill their souls with dread !
 Then avert the low'ring cloud
 Impending o'er our head !
 Turn aside th' invading sword,
 And drive the alien-armies back—
 Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
 For thine own mercy's sake !

H Y M N CCLXII.

1 **D**READFUL, sin-chastising God,
 If thy decree be past—
 If the long-impending rod!
 Must scourge our land at last,
 When thou dost in wrath reprove
 The sinners who thy judgments dare,
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.

2 If on such a land as this
 Thou must avenged be,
 Yet preserve in perfect peace
 The souls that trust on thee :
 Hide their precious lives above,
 And make them thy peculiar care—
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.

3 Mark

3 Mark the men who deeply sigh
The nations crimes to view—
Hear their deprecating cry,
And save the mournful few :
Far from them the plague remove,
The famine, and the waste of war—
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

1 **A**H whither should we fly,
In peril and distress,
While all the dogs of war are nigh,
The enemies of peace?
Almighty God of love,
On thee our souls we cast,
Oh, send deliv'rance from above,
And save our land at last!

2 A Leopard watches oe'r
Our cities night and day,
Prepar'd, with unrelenting pow'r,
To swallow up his prey:
The alien-armies wait,
Lur'd by the scent of blood,
As awful Ministers of fate—
As thunderbolts of God.

3 Yet if our sin demands
Its just reward of pain,
Oh let us fall into the hands
Of God, and not of man!
His tender mercies wound,
Remorseless as the grave;
But pity in thy wrath is found,
Which only strikes to save.

- 4 In measure, then, reprove—
In love thine own chastise;
But baffle, and far off remove
Our threat'ning enemies:
Blast their devices, Lord,
Nor let their counsel stand—
Knap thou the spear, and break the sword,
Of all the hostile band.



APPENDIX.

H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell!
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell!
- 2 My heart is fix'd—my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve, and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell!
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell!

H Y M N CCLXV.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd!
His mercy firm for ever stands—
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who

- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
 Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
 And pay their duty to thy will!

HYMN CCLXVI.

- 1 **S**ERAPHS, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around;
 And move, and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ;
 Jesus, my Lord, they sing:
 Jesus, the life of all our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 3 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run;
 And echo, in majestic sounds,
 The Godhead of the Son!
- 4 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
 Silent their harps abide:
 Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
 The God that lov'd and d'y'd.
- 5 Then, all at once, to living strains
 They summon every chord:
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chant the rising Lord.
- 6 Now let me mount, and join their songs
 And be an angel too:
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.

H Y M N CCLXVII.

- 1 **O**H come, let us with one accord,
Lift up our voice, and praise the Lord!
Let us, this morning, bless his name,
And laud and magnify the same.
- 2 Let universal nature raise,
A cheerful voice to give him praise:
Let all the world his glory sing,
Who is their Saviour, Lord, and King.
- 3 For by his word the heav'ns were made,
The earth's foundations also laid;
All things were done at his command,
Which through all ages firmly stand.
- 4 Wherefore let heav'n and earth agree
To sing his praise in unity;
And let us here, with one accord,
Sing Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,

And

And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Thro' his vast kingdoms, shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his praises too.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise !
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your glorious Maker's praise
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 Ye shining worlds above
In wondrous order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spoke the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

- 4 He mov'd the mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last :
 In diff'rent ways,
 His works proclaim
 His awful name,
 And speak his praise.

H Y M N CCLXX.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his Saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade :
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid !
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep, and bury'd there—
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream's thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

HYMN CCLXXI.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,
 Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
 His Providence and holy word
 Become my safety, and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God, my Shepherd's with me there.

HYMN CCLXXII.

HARK! what sound strange blifs inspires!
 Angels' voices, harps, and lyres!

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

Hark!—the choirs begun above:
 Nuptial song, and sacred mirth,

Sung

Sung by bands, and forms of love,
Hallelujah from the skies!

Hark!—from earth,
Echo'd hallelujahs rise!

Ev'ry nation, people, tongue,
Swell the rapture—join the song!
High, the Lamb's salvation own!
Kingdom vast from Satan won!
All the tribes redeem'd with blood,
High before the Father's throne,
Up presented by the Son!
Beatific vision known!

Hallelujah!

Finish'd mystery of God!
All the morning stars among,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

Loud, and round, and far, and wide,
Nought beside,
Nought is known, or heard, or sung!

ANTHEMS.

For Christmas-Day.

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field,
keeping watch over their flock by night: and,
lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the
glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they
were fore afraid. And the angel said unto them,
Fear not—for behold, I bring you glad tidings of
great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you
is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour,
T which

which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you—ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.

Glad tidings! hallelujah! a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!

And, suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!"

Hallelujah!

For Christmas Day.

UNTO us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and justice, from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this.

Hallelujah, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

For Christmas-Day.

BEHOLD, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: For unto you this day is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

For

For a true Believer.

BE thou my judge, O Lord, for I have walked innocently; my truth hath been also in the Lord, therefore shall I not fall.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try out my reins and my heart. For thy loving kindness is ever before mine eyes, and I will walk in thy truth.

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord, and so will I go to thine altar.

That I may shew the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works: Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

For a Funeral.

IS there not an appointed time for man upon earth? Are not his days, also, like the days of an hireling? I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me: When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.

My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of earth; my skin is broken, and become loathsome.

I loath it—I would not live always: Let me alone, for my days are vanity. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope. Oh remember that my life is wind; mine eyes shall no more see good. As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more: for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.

Praise.

AWAKE up, my glory; awake, lute and harp;
I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen; and I will sing unto thee among the nations. For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the clouds. Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens, and thy glory above all the earth.

Praise.

SING unto the Lord, and praise his name; be telling of his salvation, from day to day.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto the people.

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised; he is more to be feared than all gods.

Sanctuses.

LORD of all power and might, thou that art the Author of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us true religion; nourish us in all goodness, and, of thy great mercy, keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

THEREFORE with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name: evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory: glory be to thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

Sanctuses.

Sanctus.

GLORY be to God on high, and in earth peace,
good-will towards men! We praise thee, we
bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we
give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord
God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

Rejoicing for the coming of Christ.

THE wilderness, and the solitary place shall be
glad for him; and the desert shall rejoice, and
blossom as the rose.

Covenanting with God.

SO they entered into the Covenant, with all their
heart, and all their soul; and sware unto the
Lord with a loud voice, and with shouting, and
with trumpets, and with cornets; and all rejoiced
at the oath.

M E S S I A H.

PART I.

Recitative Accompanied.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith
your God; speak ye comfortably to *Jerusalem*,
and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,
that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Song.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

Chorus.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Recitative Accompanied.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come: the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the Messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in—behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Recitative.

But who may abide the day of his coming? And who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a Refiner's fire.

Chorus.

And he shall purify the sons of *Levi*, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

Recitative.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his **EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.**

Song and Chorus.

O thou that tellest good tidings to *Zion*, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to *Jerusalem*, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of *Judah*, Behold your God!

O thou

O thou that tellest good tidings to *Zion*, arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Recitative Accompanied.

For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee, and the *Gentiles* shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Song.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Chorus.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called, *Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.*

Recitative.

There were Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

Recitative Accompanied.

And lo, an Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

Recitative.

And the Angel said unto them, fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of *David*, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Recitative Accompanied.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God, and saying,

Chorus.

Chorus.

Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace on Earth,
good-will towards men.

Song.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, shout, O
daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh
unto thee.

He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak
Peace unto the Heathen.

Da Capo.

Recitative.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and
the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame
man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb
shall sing.

Song.

He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd: and he
shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them
in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with
young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour, and are heavy
laden, and he will give you rest.

Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for
he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest
unto your souls.

Chorus.

His yoke is easy, and his burthen is light.

PART II.

Chorus.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God that taketh away the
sins of the world.

Song.

He was despised and rejected of men, a man of
sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his
back

back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he hid not his face from shame and spitting.

Da Capo.

Chorus.

Surely he hath born our griefs, and carried our sorrows: He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him.

And with his stripes we are healed.

Chorus.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Recitative Accompanied.

All they that see him laugh him to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

Chorus.

He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him, if he delight in him.

Recitative Accompanied.

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart, he is full of heaviness; He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

Song.

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

Recitative Accompanied.

He was cut off out of the land of the living, for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

Song.

But thou didst not leave his soul in Hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

Semi-Chorus.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Semi-Chorus.

Semi-Chorus.

Who is the King of Glory?

Semi-Chorus.

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Semi-Chorus.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Semi-Chorus.

Who is the King of Glory?

Semi-Chorus.

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

Chorus.

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

Recitative.

Unto which of the Angels, said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?

Chorus.

Let all the Angels of God worship him.

Recitative.

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea even for thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Chorus.

The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers.

*Song from the Appendix.*How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings of salvation, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth, break forth into joy. *Da Capo.*

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

Song.

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?

The

The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed.

Chorus.

Let us break their bonds afunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

Recitative.

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn: The Lord shall have them in derision.

Song.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Chorus.

HALLELUJAH, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. HALLELUJAH,

PART III.

Song.

I Know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And tho' worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

Chorus.

Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; for as in *Adam* all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Recitative Accompanied.

Behold I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

Song.

Song.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. *Da Capo.*

Recitative.

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, *Death is swallowed up in Victory.*

Duet.

O Death, Where is thy Sting?
O Grave, Where is thy Victory?
{ The Sting of Death is Sin,
{ And the Strength of Sin is the Law.

Chorus.

But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Song.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's Elect? It is God that justifieth, Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is at the right hand of God, who maketh intercession for us.

Chorus.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. *Amen.*

GENERAL CONTENTS.

T HE Excellency of the Scriptures	<i>Page.</i> 3 to 5
For the Sabbath	6
The Blessings resulting from Religion	7 — 9
Exhibiting the Power of Jesus to save	10 — 15
Expostulating with Sinners	16 — 18
Inviting and exhorting Sinners . . .	19 — 25
On Death and Judgment	26 — 29
Praying for the Divine Blessing . . .	30 — 36
Short Hymns before Sermon	37 — 39
———— after Sermon	40 — 41
Hymns of Praise	211 — 42 — 79
Hymns for Penitents	80 — 92
For Believers when first justified . .	93 — 101
———— trusting in God	215 — 101 — 110
———— longing to be dissolved . .	111 — 113
———— going on unto Perfection	113 — 121
———— under Persecution and Affliction	121 — 125
———— in times of temptation, &c.	126 — 130
For a Christian Society	131 — 139

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
On opening a House of Worship	140 — 143
For a Band of Singers	144
For the Close of the Year	145
For the New Year	146 — 149
For a Funeral	150 — 156
Before receiving the Lord's Supper	157 — 165
After the Lord's Supper	165 — 167
For Advent	168 — 169
For Christmas	170 — 176
For Good-Friday	177 — 180
For Easter	216 — 180 — 189
For Ascension-day	190 — 196
For Whitsun-day	196 — 200
For Trinity Sunday	200 — 202
For Fast-days, and in Times of National Trouble	} 203 — 210
Anthems	217 — 221
Messiah	221 <i>ad finem.</i>

INDEX.

I N D E X.

A.

	<i>Page.</i>
A GAIN the Lord of life	6
Ah give me, Lord, my sins to mourn	160
Ah tell us no more	167
Ah whither should we fly	209
Alas by nature how deprav'd	10
All ye that pass by	24
All ye that seek the Lord who dy'd	189
All glory and praise	167
Almighty Redeemer of all	84
Almighty Lord, most merciful	101
And will the great eternal God	141
Angels, roll the stone away	184
Arise, ye people, clap the hand	77
Arise, my soul, arise	93
Arise, and hail this happy day	172
Assist thy servant, mighty Lord	37
Author of love divine	166
Awake, and sing the song	48
Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve	133
Awake, awake the sacred song	173
Away my unbelieving fear	101
Away with our sorrow and fear	110
Away with our fear	170—199

B.

Be merciful, O God, to me	91
Be thou exalted, O my God	211

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
Before Jehovah's awful throne	49
Begin the high celestial strain	57
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	61
Behold the grace appears	174
Behold the Saviour of mankind	177
Behold th' amazing sight	179
Blessed are the sons of God	8
Bless'd are the saints that dwell above	9
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	13
Break forth into praise	183
Breathe in praise of your Creator	68

C

Children of the heav'nly King ,	134
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day	181
Christ is gone up on high	193
Clap your hands, ye people all	50
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	19
Come ye sinners, come to Jesus	21
Come, ye weary sinners, come	22
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord	32
Come, thou Almighty King	33
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	42
Come sing the great Jehovah's praise	76
Come, ye that love the Lord	78
Come holy, come heavenly Dove	88
Come, mighty Saviour, from above	116
Come, all who love the slaughter'd Lamb	121
Come on, my partners in distress	125
Come, let us anew	131
Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal	160
Come to the Supper, come	161
Come, all ye who truly bear	161
Come, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains	185
Come, Holy Spirit, come	196
Courage, my soul behold the prize	104

INDEX.

D

Page

Day of judgment, day of wonders	26
Descend, sweet patience, with thy sober train	36
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	40
Dreadful, sin-chastising God	208

E

Eternal source of joys divine	84
---	----

F

Father of mercies, in thy word	3
Father, how wide thy glories shine	55
Father, to thee I lift mine eyes	120
Father, our hearts we lift	170
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	200
From all that dwell below the skies	45
From heav'n the loud, th' angelic voice began	58
From pole to pole let others roam	97
Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord	37

G

Give to the wind thy fears	128
Give glory to Jesus, our Head	153
Glory to God on high	55—158
Glory be to God our King	64
God moves in a mysterious way	105
God is the refuge of his saints	215
Grace, mercy, peace, be with us, Lord	41
Grateful notes and numbers bring	54
Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame	5
Great God, this sacred day of thine	6
Great God of wonders, all thy ways	15
Great God thy sov'reign aid impart	38
Great Sov'reign of the human heart	39

INDEX.

H	Page.
Hail, reviv'd, reviving Spring	47
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord	202
Happy the man, and he alone	114
Hark, ye mortals, hear the trumpet	29
Hark, how time's wide sounding bell	147
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes	169
Hark, the herald-angels sing	171
Hark, what sound strange blifs inspires	216
He comes! Behold the Judge appear	27
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	180
Head of the Church triumphant	108
Hofanna to King David's Son	74
Hofanna to Jesus on high	154
Hofanna to God	156
Hofanna to the Prince of peace	193
House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring	59
How happy ev'ry child of grace	111
How can we mourn to see	152

I

If, Lord, the witnesses were in me	92
In songs of praise unite	155
Indulgent Father, how divine	52

J

Jehovah reigns, let ev'ry nation hear	66
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord	31
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	87
Jesus, thou art my righteousness	94
Jesus, thou everlasting King	99
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow	115
Jesus, lover of my soul	127
Jesus, unite us by thy grace	136
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	137
Jesus, with kindest pity see	138
Jesus, soft harmonious name	139

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
Jesu, where'er thy people meet	143
Jesu, thou soul of all our joys	144
Jesu, at whose supreme command	163
Jesu, my Lord, my God, bestow	164
Jesu, regard the plaintive cry :	166
Jesu, sin-atonig Lamb	207
Jesus, the name to sinners dear	12
Jesus, our Saviour, praise	42
Jesus drinks the bitter cup	180
Jesus is now gone up on high	191

L

Lamb of God, for sinners slain	89
Let earth and heav'n agree	11
Lift up your heads in joyful hope	176
Lo, he comes, with clouds descending	28
Lo, the pris'ner is releas'd	151
Look back, my soul, with due regard	165
Lord, must I be to judgment brought	28
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows	35
Lord, help thy servant to proclaim	39
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	41
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin	83
Lord, fill me with an humble fear	117
Lord, fix a principle within	121
Lord, who can hear of all thy woes	158
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord	71
Love divine, all loves excelling	168

M

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	40
Meet and right it is to sing	65—79
Most holy, holy, holy Lord	118
My burden unable to bear	90
My soul, let all thy nobler pow'rs	165
My Shepherd is the living Lord	216

INDEX.

N.

Page.

No more, my God, I boast no more	- - -	81
Now, Lord, allure our souls to thee	- - -	38
Now may the holy Three in One	- - -	40
Now begin the heav'nly theme	- - -	62
Now I have found the ground wherein	- -	98

O.

O Charity, divinely wise	- - -	34
O lovely Jesus, Lord of light	- - -	36
O Son of God, shed forth thy love	- - -	39
O thou to whom all creatures bow	- - -	74
O thou whose tender mercy hears	- - -	82
O Jesus, the rest	- - -	89
O precious Lamb, for sinners slain	- - -	112
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave	- -	129
O Lord, our languid souls inspire	- - -	142
O God, the great, the fearful God	- - -	206
Oh for a thousand tongues to sing	- - -	12
Oh for a sweet inspiring ray	- - -	69
Oh come, let us join	- - -	75
Oh render thanks to God above	- - -	76
Oh for an heart to praise my God	- - -	117
Oh may the pow'r which melts the rock	- -	203
Oh come, let us, with one accord	- - -	213
On what has now been sown	- - -	40
Our Lord is ris'n from the dead	- - -	196
Out of the deep I cry	- - -	85

P

Pity a helpless sinner, Lord	- - -	159
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	- - -	45
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	- -	47
Praise the Lord who reigns above	- - -	49
Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choir	- -	53
Prince of life, for sinners slain	- - -	162

INDEX.

Q		Page.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	- - - -	126

R.		
Receive us, O thou bleeding God	- - - -	165
Rejoice, ye happy saints	- - - -	122
Rejoice for a Brother deceas'd	- - - -	150
Rejoice, the Lord is King	- - - -	190
Righteous God, whose vengeful vials	- -	205
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	- -	132

S.		
Salvation! Oh the joyful sound	- - - -	46
Saviour from sin, from fear, and shame	- -	86
Saviour, Prince of Israel's race	- - - -	92
Saviour of all, what hast thou done	- - -	123
Saviour, be pleas'd to meet us here	- - -	140
Saints, begin the endless song	- - - -	71
See, sinners, in the gospel glass	- - - -	23
See, another year is gone	- - - -	146
See, see the cleaving skies	- - - -	175
See your Redeemer rise	- - - -	186
Seraphs with elevated strains	- - - -	212
Shall loyal nations hail the day	- - - -	192
Sin has undone our wretched race	- - - -	30
Since to Jesus for relief	- - - -	106
Since Jesus is return'd to heav'n	- - - -	200
Sing to the Lord a new melodious song	- -	60
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	- - - -	70
Sinners, turn—why will ye die	- - - -	16
Sinners, obey the gospel word	- - - -	20
Sinners, lift up your hearts	- - - -	197
Some Seraph lend your heav'nly tongue	-	202
Sons of God by blest adoption	- - - -	153
Source of light, and pow'r divine	- - - -	38
Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour dies	- -	178
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	- -	63

INDEX.

T	Page.
The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord - - -	4
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear - - -	25
The spacious firmament on high - - -	51
The glorious armies of the sky - - -	56
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise - - -	77
The Lord my pasture shall prepare - - -	110
The rocks can rend, the earth can quake - -	119
The Soldier call'd by Christ to arms - - -	135
The Lord, our salvation and light - - -	145
The Lord of earth and sky - - -	149
The grace which sure salvation brings - - -	164
The Lord is risen, he who came - - -	187
The Lord, the sov'reign King - - -	213
This is the day the Lord hath made - - -	64—157
This is the feast of heav'nly wine - - -	157
Tho' troubles assail - - -	102
Thou God of glorious majesty - - -	80
Thou who art enthron'd above - - -	75
Thou art my portion, O my God - - -	100
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace -	125
Thy servant, Lord, in vain must preach - -	37
Thy promise, Lord, and thy command - - -	38
'Tis mercy calls, awake, my grateful string -	67
'Tis done, th' atoning work is done - - -	162
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost - - -	42
To God, the only wise - - -	46
To vanity and earthly pride - - -	111
To God, the great, the ever blest - - -	211
Try us, O God, and search the ground - - -	135

U.

Unchangeable, Almighty Lord - - -	137
-----------------------------------	-----

V.

Vain, delusive world, adieu - - -	95
Vain are our fancy's airy flights - - -	113
Vital spark of heav'nly flame - - -	113

INDEX.

W.	Page.
Watch'd by the world's malignant eye - - -	139
We give immortal praise - - -	201
Welcome blest day of sweet repose - - -	182
What could your Redeemer do - - -	18
What joy shall abound - - -	65
When I survey the wondrous cross - - -	97
When I can read my title clear - - -	107
While some round folly's circle roll - - -	109
While with ceaseless course the sun - - -	146
While Joshua led the armed bands - - -	204
Who are these array'd in white - - -	7
Why, sinners, will ye spend your years - - -	19
Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise - - -	148
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd - - -	15
Worthy, O Lord, art thou alone - - -	73

Y.	
Ye hungry, thirsty, starving poor - - -	23
Ye boundless realms of joy - - -	44
Ye tribes of Adam, join - - -	71—214
Your King ascends to reign - - -	194



INDEX

Page	
131	When I look on the world's vanity
132	When I look on the world's vanity
133	When I look on the world's vanity
134	When I look on the world's vanity
135	When I look on the world's vanity
136	When I look on the world's vanity
137	When I look on the world's vanity
138	When I look on the world's vanity
139	When I look on the world's vanity
140	When I look on the world's vanity
141	When I look on the world's vanity
142	When I look on the world's vanity
143	When I look on the world's vanity
144	When I look on the world's vanity
145	When I look on the world's vanity
146	When I look on the world's vanity
147	When I look on the world's vanity
148	When I look on the world's vanity
149	When I look on the world's vanity
150	When I look on the world's vanity



Y

151	Yea, though I be as poor as dust
152	Yea, though I be as poor as dust
153	Yea, though I be as poor as dust
154	Yea, though I be as poor as dust
155	Yea, though I be as poor as dust



